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Continental Edition

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This Is The

SPRING FASHIONS NUMBER *of* VOGUE

THE new spring fashions we have for you in this issue are veritable straws showing which way the wind blows from the Paris openings. The New York houses have given us some particularly good costumes, costumes that have decidedly new characteristics that brand them immediately as "Spring, 1918." On page 42, in this issue, are some of those sleeveless jackets of the sort that are making their appearance on many types of costumes. They are one of the newest fashions of this season, and are not only a substitute for the woollen sweater, but serve as a distinctive waistcoat for a suit. On page 46, you will see the same sort of jacket, a bit different in line, on a street frock of fibre silk.

In Vogue's "Dressing on a War Income" department, on pages 44 and 45 in this issue, there are designs for some very practical little frocks developed in the new soft figured foulards, so much in favour this spring. The mode of wearing foulards is a charming one, for it is a gracious becoming material and at its best when cut on long simple lines like those of the frocks on pages 44 and 45. On the same pages there are designs showing the use of foulards for accessories, such as the waistcoat at the upper left of page 44, and the decorative lining for a satin cape, at the upper right of page 45. Then, too, there are in this issue six pages of fashions from Paris; you will be impressed by the softly subdued air of most of these.

The fact that the young girl, heretofore referred to indulgently as the "flapper," has become earnestly desirous of making her youth and vitality of as much service as the wider experience and knowledge of affairs of her elders, is a splendid index of the spirit of the times. In the smart boarding-schools for young girls, wherein is carefully nurtured that person who is popularly considered merely a butterfly in the chrysalis stage, this desire to be of service has manifested itself, not only in the mounds and mounds of knitted garments made by diligent hands, but in other astonishingly practical industries. In every fashionable school near or in New York, and, undoubtedly, in others throughout the country too, there is the hum of well-organized work. And the young persons so earnestly engaged in it are, as far as effort is concerned, "sparing neither pains nor expense." Eager young fingers are folding bandages, quick young minds are absorbing facts concerning hospital work; and the necessity of getting up at the crack of dawn to attend classes or devoting precious holidays entirely to unremitting toil, does not dissuade them from their self-appointed task. An article concerning this war work done in the boarding-schools begins on page 32 in this issue.

Then, of course, there is also that branch of women's war service, so important, not only "over there," but in this country too,—the canteen. The National League for Women's Service has established four canteens in New York City, and every one of these canteens is a reason why the débutante of this year is so difficult to catch for a luncheon engagement,—she is busy serving piping hot coffee and substantial roast beef to "Sammies" who are on leave and who must be made to feel that there is a hospitable welcome for them, as well as an excellent meal, at any time that they choose to enter the doors of these canteens.

Perhaps one of the most interesting, besides most powerful, branches of woman's war service, is the Stage Women's War Relief, which has so rapidly spread its units all over the country and has made the name of its workers legion. The theatre is a large and complicated institution, but the Stage Women's War Relief stands behind all of the enlisted men who have been connected with the theatre in any capacity and carries on relief work in France, besides doing much to relieve the loneliness of the theatrical men in the camps.

VOL. 51. NO. 6

WHOLE NO. 1091

Cover Design by Helen Dryden

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The Contents of this Magazine are copyrighted throughout the World by The Vogue Company 1918

VOGUE is published on the 5th and 20th of every month, by Condé Nast & Company, Ltd. Directors, Condé Nast, American, W. L. Wood, British.

Manuscripts, Drawings, and Photographs submitted must be accompanied by stamps for return if unsuitable. Unsolicited contributions will be carefully considered, but the Editors can take no responsibility for loss or damage in transmission.

The Subscription Rate to Vogue, including postage for Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australasia, is 45 francs per annum, payable in advance. Subscriptions should be sent to

PARIS OFFICE
2 Rue Edouard VII

Telephone: Louvre { 29-26 / 09-01

Cable Address Vofair, Paris

LONDON
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NEW YORK
19 West 44th Street
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Baron de Meyer

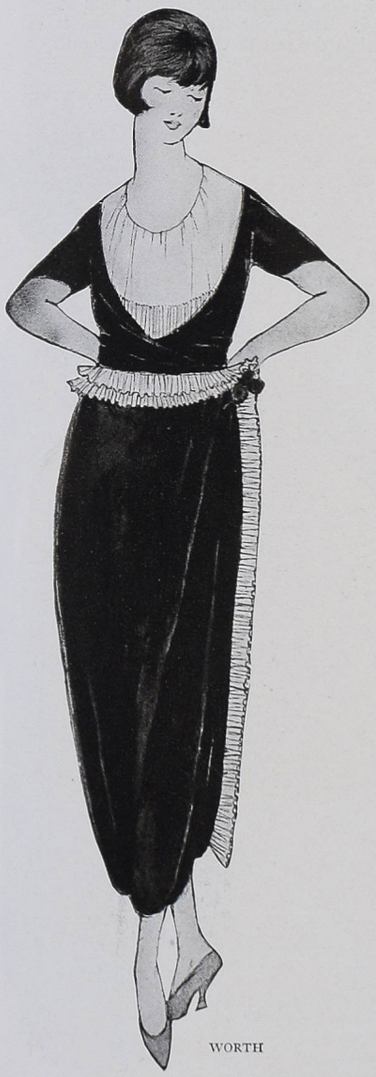
MRS. DAVID DOWS

Mrs. David Dows is the wife of Captain Dows. Captain Dows is in the Coast Artillery Reserve Corps and is at present an instructor at Fortress Monroe and expects soon to see active service at the front. Mrs. Dows is taking a special business course to equip herself for professional work for the Government. Captain and Mrs. Dows have recently completed their beautiful home, "Charlton Hall," at Brookville, Long Island. This house is an exact copy of the old Queen Anne house in Groombridge Place, England

One of the modest whimsicalities that Paris is allowing itself is a dog-collar of wooden beads, edged with a filmy bit of tulle; from Deton

KEEPING *the* OLD SILHOUETTE, PARIS ADDS *new* DETAILS

Discretion, Softness, Subdued Colouring, and Simplicity, These Are the Characteristics of the Costumes in Which the Parisienne Appears When She Modestly Dines or Goes to the Theatre



WORTH

When has the Parisienne worn such a high neck and such short sleeves? Again, "C'est la guerre," for the Parisienne now wears these informal gowns to dinner

THOSE who are looking for a revolutionary silhouette to appear this spring are probably doomed to disappointment. This will be a year of interesting detail, of discreet combinations, of pleasant use of colour; in short, of "lady-like" fashions which, though they will give plenty of chance for individuality, will be neither startling nor remarkably novel.

Eccentricity of silhouette has been entirely ignored for some time past, and there is no indication of its revival. The lines of the body itself dictate the present mode, and this idea produces a certain restraint and moderation in clothes which the designers find appropriate to the temper of the times—too appropriate to change. Their invention finds scope in details of the costume, and in variations of the main theme, which the student of dress will find sufficiently interesting and which will allow the discriminating woman, who expects her clothes to express her individuality, to make those adaptations and adjustments of the mode which are an inspiration to others less gifted with the rare quality of originality.

THE COUTURIERS RETAIN THEIR CHARACTERISTICS

The same characteristics which have always distinguished the leading couturiers are still to be noted in their productions. There is no hint of a standardized type of gowning. The woman who likes to amuse herself by "spotting" a Chéruit, a Callot, or a Jenny model, may continue to play the same diverting game. Generalizing from the collection presented in this issue, we might say that a straight, soft, slender effect is the leading note in clothes; that modified drapery is decidedly popular; that waist-lines are either normal or slightly dropped; that sleeves, while varying in length and greatly diversified in detail, yet follow the natural lines of the arm; and that an endless ingenuity is displayed in collars. The type of dress for morning wear seems to be as straight as possible, and the drapery increases with the hours of the day, so that evening gowns are swathed. An uneven hem-line continues to be a feature of the softer gowns, but this inequality is handled in various ways; sometimes the skirt is shorter in the front; more often there are loose panels at the sides, so long that they trail on the floor.

From Chéruit we have two models; one of them is the wedding gown, sketched on page 28, which was worn by Mlle. Rouché, daughter of the Director of the Opéra, and which illustrates the present fancy for trailing panels. The gown is of white velvet, and again the beauty of the stuff is left to tell its own story. The Florentine neck-line is not new this season, but it fits very well into the scheme, and the slightly dropped waist-line and long sleeves make this a gown which will, in our modern economical

CHÉRUIT

In order that no one could doubt that one side of this black satin skirt really is draped in a large loop, it is plainly outlined with quantities of gold embroidery

PREMET

Paris is making its frocks simpler and making up for it by putting an extra amount of ingenuity into its collars and guimpes. This black satin frock with a tunic of black Georgette crêpe has a white linon guimpe that rivals the dress shirt fronts worn by the opposite sex

CHÉRUIT

White velvet can tell its own story without the aid of trimmings, as is proved by the wedding gown worn by Mlle. Rouché, the daughter of the Director of the Opéra. It has two of those versatile new sashes which turn into trailing side panels, giving this original wedding gown three velvet trains

fashion, be useful for many occasions after the ceremony. Very unusual is the effect of three trains, given by the trailing sashes. The other Chéruit model, sketched on page 27, is an example of ingenious draping. A large loop of the material is hung at the side and held by a very narrow belt. It is outlined in gold so that no one shall overlook its novelty. I saw this model at the theatre recently, and it seemed to me to have unusual originality and charm. The sleeves and the simple line of the belt gave a cleverly studied air of negligence which was full of subtlety. Another frock which I saw recently at the theatre is the simple one designed by Worth, and sketched on page 27. This is made of supple black satin and pleated white linen. With its rose on the hip and its high-necked corsage, exquisitely white, it pleased me, as I am sure it will please you.

The use of satin will be noted in many of these designs, for its popularity has shown no sign of waning. The two Premet models on this page are both of satin, and the one at the upper left illustrates the new plastron idea, in a yoke of white linen with a severe, almost nun-like, suggestion about it.

INTERESTING MODELS FROM DŒUILLET

On page 29 are four models from Dœuillet, all full of interesting details. The rose satin dinner gown, sketched at the upper right, is probably the greatest novelty. It is folded around the figure in a fashion which seems borrowed from the Javanese woman's sarong; and the gold and silver embroidery is confined to one side, for "one-sided-ness" is very much in favour, as it always is when clothes are draped. But the significance of this frock, as an indication of the mode, is its neck-line and sleeves. When before have we worn a frock so high in the neck with so little covering on the arm? The material is simply cut a little broader in the shoulder and then buttoned over the top of the arm as simply as if the frock were a bathing-suit. The turban of aigrettes which accompanies this gown is a proof of the modest return of luxury. In the first few months of the war, a woman wearing aigrettes would have been looked upon askance, by rich and poor alike. Sketched at the lower right of page 29 is an evening gown of silver cloth with tasselled pieces of net embroidered with pearls, which must have been designed for some other city than Paris. Its draping is interesting, as it is evenly balanced on both sides. Jetted and beaded nets and tulles are promised in profusion for later models, so that the use of them here is prophetic. The model at the upper left on page 29 is a tailleur of blue serge embroidered in red silk, which gives an instance of the new way of slashing the narrow skirt. The edges of the cloth are cut and then decorated with the silk, without hem or fold. There are rumours of a bright contrasting lining to be glimpsed through such slashes.

Three Jenny models are shown on page 30. A morning frock of black satin, sketched at the lower left, has an entirely pleated skirt, which gives a narrow effect, and a waist modelled on the navy blouse, with the turned-up edge characteristic of this house. But the really amusing feature of the frock is its collar. It is a scarf of black satin, lined with white, folded around the throat, crossed in the back, and with the ends tucked under the square-cut neck. This scarf may be adjusted as one pleases; worn in the street, it may be removed in the house. This frock is an illustration of the invention of the times. There is nothing sensational about it; in fact, its type is almost conventional, yet there is great originality in the use of the scarf, and an air of novelty which marks the model unmistakably of the year 1918.

NEW WAYS OF DRAPING

The black satin and black tulle model sketched in the lower middle of page 30 is an example of the drapery of the moment. It has the softly falling skirt, the draped girdle tied at the side, and the long cape-like collar which Jenny has used before. The newness of this gown is in the sleeve—a characteristic place to find it, by the way. The upper half, quite plain, is of satin, while the rest of the sleeve is of tulle or

PREMET

Satin is as popular with the frocks of spring as was velvet with the frocks of winter—and no wonder when one considers all the possibilities it offers. For instance, this frock, so characteristic of the latest modes in its simplicity, is entirely of otter brown satin

Red and blue are patriotically playing leading parts in the colour scheme of Paris costumes this season. Of blue serge is this tailleur with its new way of slashing the narrow skirt, and red silk thread is the embroidery

Walery

Mme. Germaine Lubin, the opera singer and the wife of Paul Géraldy, the well-known author, has brought a great deal of much-needed pleasure to Paris with her beautiful soprano voice

A high neck-line and no sleeves at all was an unheard-of combination until the designer made this prophetic evening gown of rose coloured satin wrapped round and round and embroidered at one side with gold and silver

Paris is biased in favour of one-sided affairs. One-sided is the drapery of this black satin gown embroidered in gold, one-sided the sash, and there is but one sleeve of black Chantilly lace

It was for some other city than Paris that the designer made this elaborate evening gown of silver cloth with long tasseled draperies of net embroidered with pearls and a one-sided train

MODELS FROM DŒUILLET

In Jenny's mind, perhaps the beaded check-rein on this light blue velvet and black and silver lamé gown outlined a purely imaginary cape

chiffon, rather full on the arm. The third Jenny model, sketched at the upper left on this page, is an example of the modified evening gown which war times have forced upon the women of Paris. It depends on the beauty of its material, a black and silver lamé, for its chief effect, while the upper part of the corsage is made of light blue velvet cut on a very new line, with plain set-in elbow sleeves, attached by a sort of ribbon of beads, which joins them in the back and matches the girdle and the trimming of the sleeve-edge. Note that the hem of the skirt is turned under, in the "culotte" style of which Jenny is not yet tired. It goes well with the Oriental note which we find introduced in her evening models,—that same Oriental note of which Paris has made good use, this season.

FROM PAQUIN

Two Paquin models, also shown on this page, are both of satin, one with the side drapery and the loose corsage coming below the normal waistline and tied at the side in a bow, which is in high favour for afternoon frocks. The other, a coat for spring wear, illustrates the prevailing fancy for satin lined with cloth, which shows in the facings, in the cuffs, and in the collar. This coat would be equally good in brown or black. It is straight, but not exaggeratedly so, and it is the sort of thing one could wear in the subway, where one has to use all one's strength to gain an entrance, but which one must continue to take for lack of taxis or gasolene for one's own car.

And so it goes—discretion, subdued colouring, softness, simplicity; these are the adjectives to be applied to our war-time wardrobes. But for those who are thinking of the sunshine of the Riviera, for in these days many of us must confine our winter travelling to our imagination, there are a few touches of brighter colour —perhaps in a hat of brighter hue. One sees touches of coral pink (a revived shade for the spring seasons) and there are the new currant reds for brightening dark gowns. Metallic cloth

PAQUIN

Afternoon frocks, like this of brown satin and castor, have a way of managing the corsage so that it is long and loose and ties in a bow

THREE MODELS FROM JENNY

Even a black satin frock can brave a March wind if it has a scarf to wind about the throat and tuck in the square neck

"Look to the sleeve" is good advice these days. That on a black satin evening gown suddenly changed its policy in favour of tulle

PAQUIN

A satin coat lined with cloth that makes its appearance in facings, collar, and cuffs, might be termed Paquin's brown study

is also much used and embroidery in tones suggestive of the intense colouring of that well-named "Côte d'Azur."

THE EVER-PRESENT WAR

Here in Paris, sunshine and blue skies seem incredible. The rhythm of life is never broken; war and the results of war are always present in our minds. If one sees a line of automobiles drawn up in front of some ancestral home in the Faubourg Saint Germain, one may be sure it is not a "function," but a meeting perhaps of three or four fashionable Americans who have been invited to tea and who are anxious to do all in their power for the Allies. One matter in which Americans are most ardently interested, for instance, is the reconstruction of the ruined châteaux of France.

At tea one day this week, I had an opportunity to talk to Miss de Wolfe, whose elegance and distinction made a delightfully modern note in contrast to the pale woodwork of the drawing-room walls, the candle-light, and the silence of the aristocratic street, where carriages rarely pass. She was dressed in a symphony of "blonde," that shade which has been compared to the colour of war bread; and her grey hair was covered with a high square toque of blonde plush, held by an arrow of diamonds like that shown on page 70. She is, of course, famous for her taste, and Frenchwomen admire Americans for knowing so well how to dress themselves and for keeping their chic and charm, even when they are no longer young. This ability is being put to a strenuous test in Paris, this year.

BEER

In Paris, where women are doing the work of men, embroidery is doing the work of ruffles and trimming—and very successfully, too. Witness this daytime frock of marine blue taffeta veiled with marine blue cotton voile, blue-embroidered

Miss de Wolfe told us that she had crossed the ocean seven times since the beginning of the war, with one terrible experience, on the last crossing, when the boat took fire, and passengers and crew thought the end had come. As I talked with her, she impressed me as one of those beautiful examples of energy and charm, combined with practical intelligence, which one often finds on the other side of the Atlantic. Distinguished to the tips of her fingers, she brings to the organization of her hospital and to her numerous good works, an enthusiasm which to the average person might seem incompatible with her great elegance.

AMERICANS IN PARIS

The little villa which she occupies in the suburbs of Paris near her hospital is the rendezvous, every day at five o'clock, of the general staff and of all the interesting people in the neighbourhood. The mistress of the house always presides at the tea-table, charming to look at and thoroughly individual in her way of dressing. The day I was there she wore a waistcoat of silver cloth, embroidered in heavy brown wool, with a skirt of white mousseline de soie.

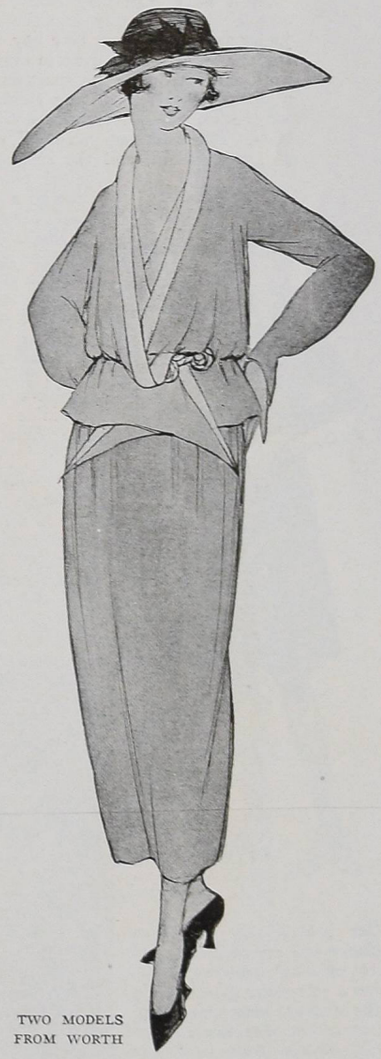
Many other Americans are doing the same sort of work with the same energy, all of which does not prevent their coming to the Ritz very often, dressed to perfection in the newest frocks. At one o'clock, all the tables are full, and one sees well-known people everywhere and the same animated scene that prevailed before the war—and the same chatter. Here one sees a nouveau riche Italian who

(*Continued on page 70*)

(Below) Paris is less severe with its evening frocks than it has been; now one may wear a soft draped décolleté affair like this one of white lace veiled with white chiffon bordered with broad blue satin ribbon at the opera or theatre

BEER

Her pleated skirt is of navy blue taffeta with embroidery on the side panels, but when it came to her jacket she just couldn't go back on navy blue serge—the tried and trusty friend of so many seasons, past and present



TWO MODELS FROM WORTH

If one is an adept at guessing who designed a costume, one will know that this one of tan tussur silk with a white piqué collar says Worth all over it. The long waist-line and the narrow skirt tell the secret to an experienced eye

Each school has its Red Cross auxiliary, presided over by a Red Cross nurse, and willing young hands fold compresses and wind bandages that will mean comfort to many a wounded soldier "over there"

THE SCHOOLGIRL *in* WAR RELIEF

In and Around New York, Private Schools Are Affording Outlets for Pent-up Patriotism, For Youth and Inexperience Would Also Serve

By RUTH de ROCHEMONT

THERE are times in these days of stirring action when it seems an ill thing to be a girl, and more than one youthful heart burns with the spirit of that successful war poster, credited with winning twenty thousand recruits to the British army,—"I wish I were a man, I'd enlist!"

WHAT CAN A GIRL DO?

So it is; a man may enlist; even a mere boy may join the junior naval reserves or be a boy scout; a woman may serve in every sort of war work and even carry out most hazardous enterprises "over there," driving ambulances, caring for the wounded, or reconstructing ruined villages. But what can you do if you are just a girl, a schoolgirl, and the rushing, war-ridden, and efficient world sweeps a glance at you and pigeon-holes you coldly as "youth and inexperience?" Who can wait to grow up to be a patriot, and what patriot of to-day can afford to face her country idle-handed?

To this very real war problem of the many feminine thousands of the American younger generation, the private schools in and around New York have brought many a deft solution, releasing pent-up patriotic energy along lines where it is proving of definite benefit to the men at the front or to those who lie wounded in the hospitals. Busy as are the days spent in weaving the cocoon from which shall emerge the social butterfly, brilliant and sophisticated and equipped with a startling fund of knowledge (for "boarding-school" to-day is not the facile thing of past generations), those days yet hold many an hour which may be diverted from chattering immensities over the chocolate cups to knitting socks or winding bandages or stitching on warm and comforting hospital garments.

WORK FOR BUSY HANDS

It has even proved true that under the inspiration of patriotism a double activity of hand and brain may be developed and that girls may learn and labour at one and the same time. Thus lecturers speak to a subdued accompaniment of knitting-needles, and attentive ears take in the evening lesson read aloud, while busy fingers roll bandages or fold compresses in strict accord with the Red Cross warning that "one loose thread may cost a life." For in all this work, the schools work in heartiest cooperation with their pupils, and every sort of instruction and assistance is available to assure the perfection of the finished product.

The Red Cross is naturally the principal beneficiary of all this youthful patriotism, and, as a rule, each school maintains its own auxiliary of the Red Cross, organized and instructed by a Red Cross nurse. The war relief work of the schools is by no means confined to the Red Cross work, however. Hero Land and the Army and Navy Bazaar (of luckless memory) found will-

(*Continued on page 69*)

One school that includes military drill in its physical training, has a rifle-range where the students may have instruction and learn to aim true

This young sharpshooter is not playing—she is a very earnest member of the rifle squad and a potential home defense guard, too

All sorts of jams and preserves that soldiers like are made in this school on the Sound, where the laboratories of the household arts department have been turned into efficient "canning factories"

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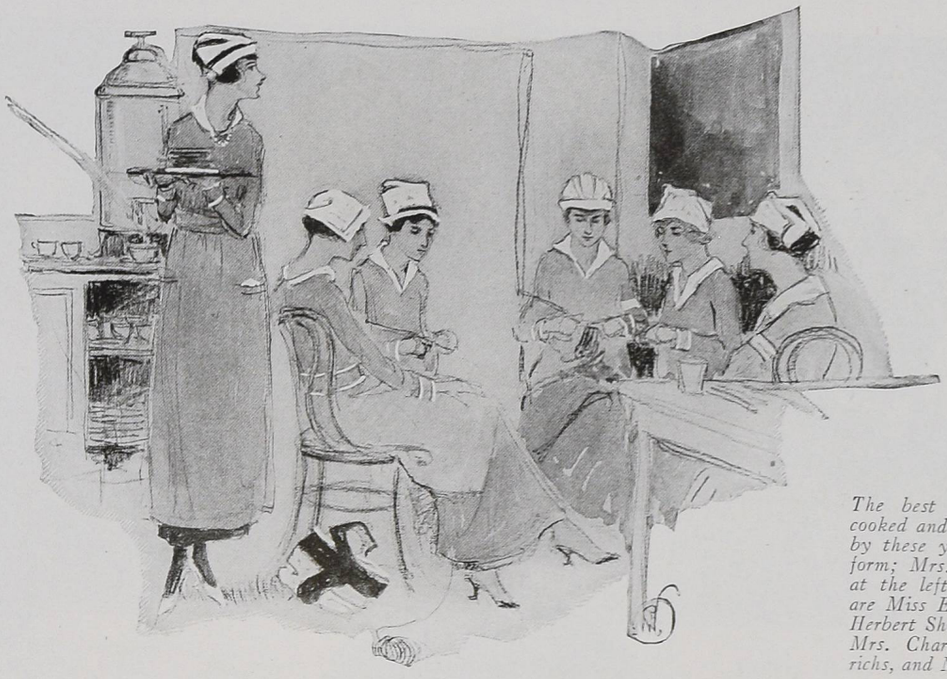


The best of food, deliciously cooked and piping hot, is served by these young women in uniform; Mrs. Angier B. Duke is at the left, and next in order are Miss Elizabeth Sands, Mrs. Herbert Shipman, Mrs. Deering, Mrs. Charles de Loosey Oelrichs, and Mrs. Samuel Wagstaff

THE COMFORTS *of the* CANTEEN *to the* MAN *on* LEAVE

The Canteen Is the Soldier's and Sailor's Club; There He May Drop in for Any Meal and Always Be Sure of a Hearty Welcome

WHEN Sammy of the Army or Jack of the Navy, as the case may be, gets his evening off or his day's leave, there is just one thing that he wants more than anything else—something different to eat. Some Army cooks are good, and some are bad, and some are just indifferent, and young America takes chances with cooks when he goes into service, just as he does with bullets or submarines. Even the best of camp fare gets monotonous, and one of the first things that a chap on leave thinks of is that now he will get something that he wants to eat, rather than what somebody else wants him to eat. It may be that this young sailor or soldier gets in exchange for his services to his country the sum of $31 a month, and that out of this he must buy all the things that he needs, other than the bare necessities, for while in these days of war Uncle Sam is endeavouring to be as considerate a guardian as is possible, he is not exactly in a position to be overindulgent to the large family which he has recently acquired. Therefore, it behooves some one else to be just a little indulgent to them.

Women, in addition to their many other forms of war work, have undertaken this one of administering to the gastronomic needs of Uncle Sam's nephews. In New York City alone, over eleven hundred have enrolled under the banner of the National League for Woman's Service and are working in the various canteens operated by this organization. These women are recruited from all walks of life, but owing to the hours of canteen work, most of them in this branch of service are from the leisure classes, and many are members of the best known families in New York.

Amusing, and characteristic of the new spirit which the war has awakened, are some of the scenes enacted in the canteens, where an earnest desire to be helpful on the part of the workers meets a cheerful willingness on the part of the guests to help them to be helpful. In one of the canteens the other afternoon, for instance, a unit under the command of a well-known society woman was on duty. A blue-uniformed seaman had been served with griddle-cakes by a charming slip of a girl in a vastly becoming apron and cap. Unless he was a very astute sailor, which in the light of later developments, however, seems not at all improbable, he no doubt failed to notice the string of pearls which hung over the neck of her apron, and if he caught the glitter of the strand of diamonds at her wrist, he probably attributed their presence to the young working girl's irrepressible love for pinchbeck jewellery.

Ira L. Hill

Mrs. Donn Barber, the City, State, and National Chairman of League Canteens, has over two hundred canteens under her direction

AN INNOCENT ERROR

With that deliberation and complete enjoyment of every moment which is characteristic of a hard-worked man at leisure, the sailor ate his cakes, then took a newspaper from his pocket and read it through. Having completed the reading, he returned the paper to his pocket, consulted his wrist-watch and, leaning back in his chair, fixed his eyes upon his recent waitress, who had now joined a group of her companions. Waiting until he caught her eye, he raised his hand and, much as one might summon a child, he impressively crooked a finger at her. There was something about the way he did it which awakened misgivings in the mind of the little waitress, for she started up with the exclamation, "What have I done?"

Apparently it wasn't the first time she had done something which she shouldn't, for her companion at the right turned on her accusingly with, "Now, what have you done?" and the young woman at her left echoed, "Yes, what have you done this time, Amelia?" We will call her Amelia; she was, in fact, one of the prettiest of our young society matrons.

Picking up the check beside his plate, the sailor remarked, "You

Charlotte Fairchild

Mrs. Edward Shearson (center back) is shown with the workers serving one day at Canteen No. 1; from left to right, those at her right are: Miss La Vergne Edmond, Mrs. de Witt Clinton Falls (Lieutenant), Mrs. Francis G. Landon, and Miss Eulalie van Lennep

At Mrs. Shearson's left stand Miss Katharine C. Miller, Miss Gertrude L. Hoyt, Miss Katharine M. Harrison, and Miss Dorothy Dunn, all serving under the National League for Woman's Service

will have to revise this, or I shall not be able to eat to-morrow." Now in a complete funk, the young waitress hastened over to his chair. "Please tell me what the trouble is." Silently the sailor ran his finger over one of the items, and she read, "Griddle cakes, twenty-five cents. Isn't that right?" Still silently, but with a suppressed twinkle in his eye, the sailor shook his head and turned to the blackboard where the prices were listed. "Griddle cakes, ten cents," she read, and with fluttering haste she made the correction on the slip. "I am so glad you told me about the mistake," she palpitated. "Oh, there was no doubt about my doing that," replied the sailor in a matter-of-fact tone, though the twinkle was now unmistakable. "Won't you have something more?" urged the pseudo waitress, and then the sailor launched his parting shot. "I wouldn't dare to," he said, as he reached for his cap.

Later, at the same canteen, an elusive apple pie caused a mild panic among the workers. A young soldier came in and seated himself at Sergeant X's table. In private life, Sergeant X has a town house on Fifth Avenue and a country home at Newport, and there is a formidable list of clubs after her husband's name.

Dudley Hoyt

Mrs. Edward Shearson generously finances National Service Club No. 2, which is operated directly under her supervision

Having taken the private's order, Sergeant X departed for the kitchen at the back of the canteen. Soon she returned and entered into a whispered consultation with her associates. "Beatrice, have you seen the apple pie?" she said to one. "No," said Beatrice. "Amelia, have you seen it?" "I had the pumpkin pie a while ago," volunteered a slender blonde whom they called Elizabeth. "The soldier wants apple pie," said Sergeant X. "Some of you will have to help me find it." Immediately there ensued a search for the elusive apple pie. Now, it wasn't a very large kitchen, and there weren't very many cupboards, but although they got up on chairs and down on their knees, no apple pie was forthcoming. Finally some one had an inspiration. "I think if we go upstairs and get Mrs. Y, she will be able to find it." And upstairs some one went and got Mrs. Y, who promptly did find the apple pie—on the table with several other pies, camouflaging under an unbroken crust, and so, to unpracticed eyes and noses, absolutely safe from detection.

THE RARITY OF CONFUSION

These instances are, however, rare exceptions. As a rule the volunteers work with a neatness and dispatch that would put their professional prototypes to shame, and the sailor or soldier who goes into one of these canteens is certain of finding capable as well as willing hands to help him.

If this sailor or soldier on leave happens to find himself in the neighbourhood of 39th Street and Seventh Avenue, he is indeed fortunate, for here is located one of a number of canteens situated throughout the city. It is a pleasant sort of a place, this National Service Club No. 2, with its rows of little tables covered with friendly blue and white oilcloth, and a little vase with a few blossoms in it on each of them. It is large and light and clean and homelike, and, while there are plenty of women around to wait on a chap, there are no superfluous ones to fuss over him, for there is nothing that a soldier or sailor, or any mere man, for that matter, hates worse than being fussed over.

REAL GOOD

But the real point of the matter is food, and this is served piping hot—the best ham and eggs and real coffee and apple pie that America can make, all for thirty cents; even $31 a month can afford a thirty cent supper. Or it may be that it is corned beef hash and baked beans, or sandwiches and home-made cake that the boy on leave has a craving for, and these too he can get at his own price. If he happens to be off a French or English ship he pays just half the price of his American cousins, for inasmuch as the English and French soldiers get less than ours do, less is asked of them by the sympathetic management of this canteen.

(*Continued on page 72*)

© Underwood and Underwood

Mrs. Cornelius Tangeman is serving this man with a very welcome diversion from ship's fare

© Underwood and Underwood

Mrs. Augustus F. Kountze, Mrs. J. Gordon Douglas, and Mrs. Oliver Perrin at work

The large embroidered dot, placed just so on a sheer net veil, called attention to the charms of this small blue satin hat and its wearer

NEW YORK IS COMPENSATED FOR A QUIET SEASON

Entertainments for War Charities and an Unusual Operatic Season Bring Variety Into These Crowded Days of War Work

Mrs. Morgan Belmont wears, most becomingly, an unusual diamond pin on her small dark toque

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt has a hat made entirely of tiny owl feathers that glitter like gold

HIGH above the sound of tramping feet, the clatter of new equipment, the hum of workers in the Red Cross stations, the clinking of crockery in the new canteens, the cries of newsboys on the streets, and the steady drone of argument in the council chambers of the Government, New York has heard this winter one high clear note of joy—the voice of Galli-Curci. It is perhaps a working of the eternal law of compensation that the possessor of this beautiful voice should have come to New York during this most monotonous of winters given over to the preparations of war—a winter which has witnessed the exodus of much of the youth and gaiety of the nation to cantonments and to foreign trenches.

THE VOICE OF GALLI-CURCI

In that moment when she sang the great "Shadow Song," in the second act of "Dinorah" (the opera in which Galli-Curci opened here), there came upon her hearers a hush such as seldom comes over formal operatic audiences. She sang exquisitely and amazingly with that ease and directness which is the insignia of the great artist. She did every possible and impossible thing with her voice, and she did it as entirely without effort as a child sings at its play. In her peasant's dress, with her own dark bobbing curls, her delicately slender figure, and her unusual grace of movement, she made an appeal to the eye as well as to the ear; and from the moment of the "Shadow Song," New York was hers.

Society was well represented at the Lexington Opera House on the opening night. In the boxes were Mr. and Mrs. James Speyer, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Mrs. Herbert Shipman, Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Dalziel, and Miss Marjorie Curtis, and there have been fashionable audiences there ever since.

Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt, at the opera, was a striking figure in dull blue and old-silver and jet

On the occasion of Galli-Curci's second performance, when she sang Lucia as Lucia has seldom been sung before, probably the most striking figure in the audience was Mrs. Roche; she was wearing a wonderful gown of a pale yellow brocade, held in place by strands of jewels across the shoulders. About her neck was wrapped a scarf of some soft white silk edged all about with skunk, adding a very unusual and effective note to her costume.

A charming new coiffure was sponsored by one white-haired Englishwoman in the audience. Her hair was arranged low on her neck and caught in with several jet pins, and across her head at the front was drawn a low jet tiara. The blackness of the jet was in striking contrast to the lovely silver tone of her hair and to the soft lustre of the double strand of pearls about her neck.

Jet again played a striking part in the costume sketched at the lower left on this page. This was worn by Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt at the Metropolitan a few nights later. Her chiffon gown of dull blue—the dull blue that has been so much and so successfully worn at night this winter—was all embroidered in the same shade and glinted softly here and there with old-silver. The neck-line, which was in fact an off-the-shoulder line, approximated a modified 1830 effect, and from the little cape-like drapery over each arm were suspended rather heavy strands of jet, falling in loops at the front and back. A great amethyst hung from a platinum neck chain, and low across the brow was drawn a band of jet. Long diamond earrings and a large black feather fan completed this costume, one of the loveliest in colour and line which has been worn in New York this winter.

The garnets about her neck repeated the tone of the satin skirt of this dinner gown, and chiffon floated from the shoulders

With our advent into the war came the vogue for patriotic jewellery here, and none of its phases has been more interesting than that which was seen the other night at the opera. Into her softly waved high coiffure, a dark-haired woman had thrust a pin consisting of a spread eagle of diamonds set in platinum. The thing was beautifully done and was smart as well as original.

AN INTERESTING COSTUME

The effect which may be gained from the repetition of one note of colour was demonstrated in the costume sketched in the middle at the bottom of this page; it was worn at dinner by a charming dark-haired woman. This gown had a bodice of silver cloth above a softly draped skirt of garnet satin. The shoulder-straps were of cream coloured tulle, and at the shoulder there hung from the back of each of these straps a straight wide end of chiffon, vaguely suggesting a cape. The most unusual note in this costume,

(*Continued on page 68*)

A suit of dull blue with undersleeves and a waistcoat of grey satin was worn at a recent war relief gathering

THE SHOP OF "ZAHRAH" AND WELL-KNOWN WOMEN WHO WEAR ITS GOWNS, SHARE THE HONOURS FOR THESE PHOTOGRAPHS

DESIGNS BY BARON DE MEYER

It was for Mrs. William Astor Chanler that this gown of pale grey silk jersey and black taffeta was designed, and this photograph shows the successful result worn by Mrs. Chanler herself. The unusual draping at the front is held by an ornament of pleated black taffeta, and black taffeta bands and cordings trim the waist and the narrow fulled guimpe of cream coloured net. A black band also finishes the sleeve at the wrist

(Below) Baroness de Meyer has borrowed some of the charm of the East for this Oriental evening gown. It is even lovelier than one would guess from the photograph, for above the gracefully draped skirt of black satin is a broad band of pink satin, veiled with a soft loose blouse of black chiffon. But it is the long, curious, Oriental ornament, heavily worked in gold thread, which is the keynote of the whole costume

(Below) Mrs. William Astor Chanler wears this spring-like gown of lavender satin with its short sleeves and slightly full bodice. The V neck is finished quaintly and very becomingly with soft folds of green and lavender net which blossom into an outstanding ruche at the back, and flowers of lavender satin with green satin leaves dot the net at intervals. In fact, it's not simply a dress—it's a symphony of spring

Baron de Meyer

Mrs. Benjamin S. Guinness, one of the founders of the shop which gives its proceeds to war charities, wears a black gown trimmed with silver leaves and bunches of grapes made of pearls mounted on silver net. The effect is very lovely, for the satin and net are a perfect setting for the beautiful grape-vine design, and the total is a perfect setting for Mrs. Benjamin Guinness

It is Mrs. John G. McCullough who wears this very distinctive gown of black and gold satin with its shawl-like drapery that is both cape and sleeves. The black satin is heavily embroidered with large bouquets of gold flowers and the cape is edged with a broad gold fringe. The lines of the gown are straight, and the skirt is slightly gathered into a hip yoke

This tea-gown, worn by Baroness de Meyer, has a colour scheme all its own—one that will be coveted by every other tea-gown that chances to see it. The gown is of blue and grey satin with a long sweeping train of blue and grey chiffon and a coat of gold lace, all of which forms a softly blended background for a delightfully unexpected sash of two rare and brilliant shades of green chiffon

Baron de Meyer

AT "ZAHRAH'S" ONE MAY BUY UNUSUAL CLOTHES AND HELP THE ALLIES; THE PROCEEDS GO TO WAR CHARITIES

TWO HATS FROM LITTWITZ

It's an undeniable fact that clothes influence one's behaviour; that's why so many women feel that it's a moral duty to wear hats as charming as this one from Marguerite et Léonie. The broad graceful brim of black braid, which starts half-way between the low crown and the high bandeau, has a soft whirl of goura and an edging of satin, and the bandeau is covered with jade green ribbon ending in a pert bow at one side. In fact, it's a hat to live up to

One would expect a round little hat, all of cinnamon brown from its pointed crown to the edge of its narrow brim, to look very good and just a little meek, but this one from Marguerite et Léonie manages to look pert and a little rakish. It's those two long brown wings that do it; they point plainly to the fact that the wearer is a well-informed person who knows that small hats and feathers are important factors in the successful spring millinery drive

This delightfully inconsistent hat from Reboux begins by being a stiff unrelenting affair of dark brown milan straw bound with brown satin, and then all at once it melts into a perfect swirl of brown tulle which covers the face and then ends abruptly in a discreet band of satin that ties at the front. The result is as protecting and all-enveloping as those mosquito netting bags that are said to be a summer mode in New Jersey

HAT FROM LOUISE

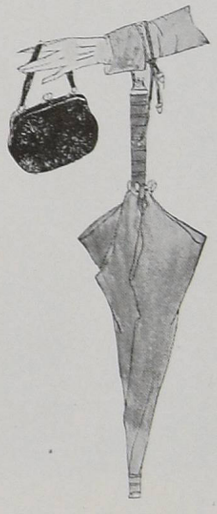
HATS FROM LOUISE

To the experienced observer, a woman's hat is an index of her character, and when he sees a whimsical and irrational piece of millinery, he knows that he is confronted with the eternal feminine. This Louison hat has a transparent high crown of black leaf-shaped ostrich strands; then, the black milan straw brim has a ruffle of black lace over it that falls over the eyes in a half veil, leaving its wearer enigmatic and altogether charming. The experienced observer takes care

That Chinese hat that every one was so mad about and that was so difficult for most women to wear if they were not gifted with a positively classic outline, is here softened and made becoming by Talbot. The brim is of loosely woven black straw, and the whole crown, which runs to a point, is made entirely of roses in shades of rose and pink. These roses have a soft feminizing influence, and the two that bob over the brim, one on each side, give just the right dash

(Left) To carry every vital detail of a woman's life and to show no signs of the strain, is the mission of a bag; and this one of black satin, trimmed with oxidized silver beads and mounted with oxidized silver, goes further,—it is also the last word in smartness; the two bags and parasol are from Kurzman

This umbrella is really different from any of the plethora of short umbrellas we have seen; it is black silk, ivory tipped, and mounted on a bamboo stick with a carved ornament of ivory. The cords are ivory tipped and of braided leather. The bag is black velvet, embroidered with jet and steel



SOME HATS, FRAIL LITTLE THINGS, TOO, FAIRLY STAGGER UNDER A BURDEN OF TRIMMING, AND ALL TYPES OF HATS MAY FLOURISH A FEATHER THIS SPRING

PALM BEACH BALANCES ITS WORK AND ITS PLAY

Red Cross Work, Sports, and Particularly That Popular Indoor Sport, Knitting, Keep Society Busy

THE note of democracy has sounded significantly at Palm Beach this season, and Mrs. Park Avenue, Madame Newport, and Miss West Side meet at the Red Cross workrooms every afternoon. They are sisters working for a common cause while they are rolling bandages and knitting socks for those who are undertaking the real work over seas. An entirely new note has crept into the life here, for while most women realize the necessity of spending money if they can afford it, and, after the example of France, of aiding the thousands of garment workers and manufacturers and shopkeepers to keep their employés busy, they are naturally more conservative and conserving this year than they ever were before.

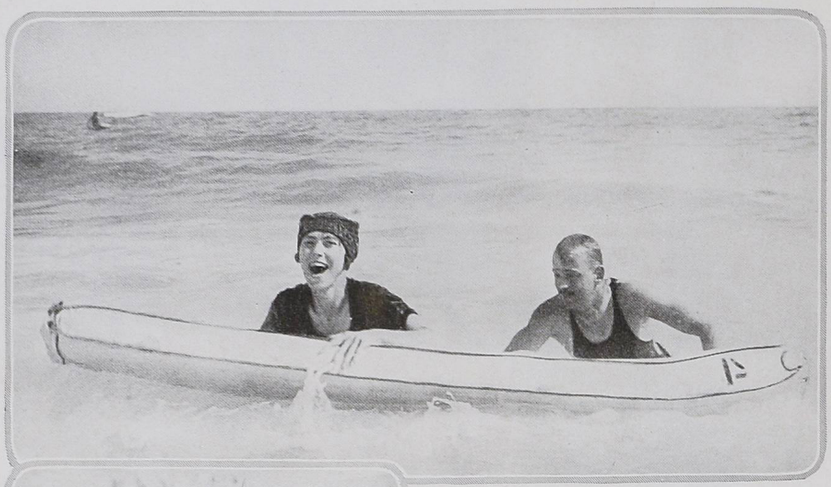
PALM BEACH AND THE WAR

Never was such a transformation at any resort as that which has taken place here, where, in a twinkling, a carefree life has given place to a war-time existence in which Red Cross work and knitting for the soldiers vie with all sorts of endeavours to raise money for some war relief. Women who have never worked before are now donning Red Cross aprons and caps and working six afternoons a week, as well as subscribing liberally to the various charities. Even tiny tots of nine or ten appear with knitting bags, and their needles click industriously as a scarf or a wristlet begins to materialize. Every one, from the children to the oldest grandmothers, knits steadily, constantly, and even on Sundays, for work such as this must be done speedily. As a result of this industry, a notable supply of bandages, compresses, sweaters, helmets, and socks leaves Palm Beach every week.

After the brilliant hues of the clothes of last season, the present season seems much more quiet, although women who knitted sweaters in rainbow hues last year are wearing those sweaters now, while knitting others of khaki and grey. But one sees more sombre hues this year at Palm Beach, and the dark blouse worn with a separate skirt is considered smart. Capes and wraps are of dark colours, brilliantly lined, and skirts are plainer than for some seasons. White and grey are the most popular shades, though large black and white checks run a close race for supremacy.

Broad-brimmed shade hats will always be necessary at Palm Beach, and the harem veil is also a necessity unless one is willing to have the tip of her nose bloom like a poppy; the hot tropical sun is no respecter of noses. Where once one saw only green and brown and beige chiffon veils, this season the veil is chosen to match the sweater. The floppy broad-brimmed Java straw hats which have been the fad here for some seasons, are still being worn, and one of the first duties of the Palm Beach visitor is to take the little ferry to West Palm Beach where a small shop supplies these chapeaux in every shade from natural colour through the whole gamut of pinks, purples, blues, and greens. Some women have five or six of these hats, and, as they usually trim them themselves, they may exercise all the individuality they possess in crocheting gay worsted flowers or fashioning

(*Continued on page 66*)



Two photographs © Underwood & Underwood

Miss Ada Norfleet, who is at Palm Beach practising for the annual women's tennis tournament which is to be a Red Cross benefit, is enjoying the novel sport of breasting the waves on a floating mattress in company with Lieutenant Shannon L. Meany

Mrs. Edward Russell Thomas is a particularly active worker for the Palm Beach Red Cross

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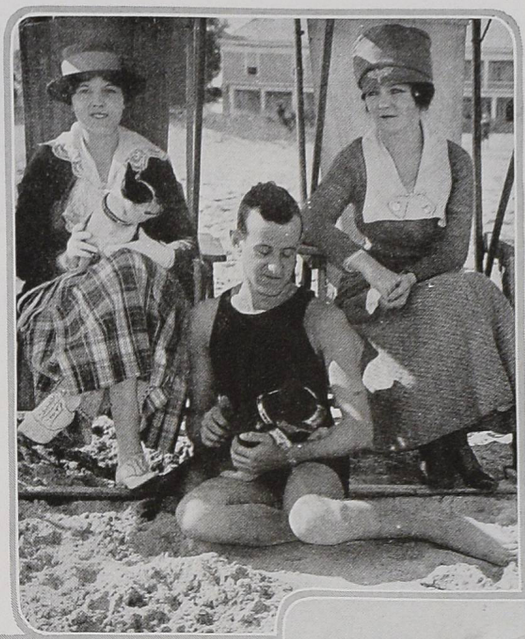
Mr. Edward Russell Thomas, who has just given a library to the local Red Cross in which all of Palm Beach is actively interested, is shown flying over the bathing beach in his hydroaeroplane

THE PALM BEACH SUN ONCE MORE DRAWS SOCIETY



Mrs. Charles B. Dillingham, Miss Madeleine Cochrane, and Mr. Caleb Bragg are making the most of the sunshine of Palm Beach. Mrs. Dillingham and Miss Cochrane have taken a cottage for the season. Mr. Bragg visited Palm Beach on his way to the Aviation Training Camp at Miami

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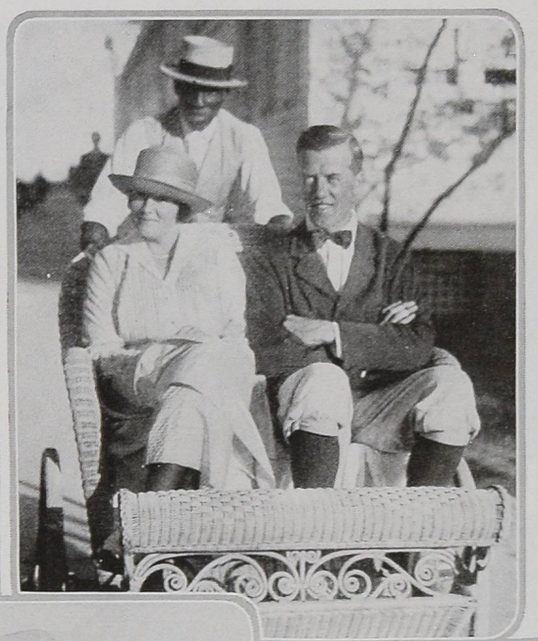
UNIFORMS AND WARWORKCOME TO PALM BEACH



Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Paige, of New York, are enjoying that popular Palm Beach amusement, riding in a wheel chair. Mrs. Paige, who, before her marriage, was Miss Julia H. Edey, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Frederick Edey, at "Aloha," her Palm Beach home for the present season

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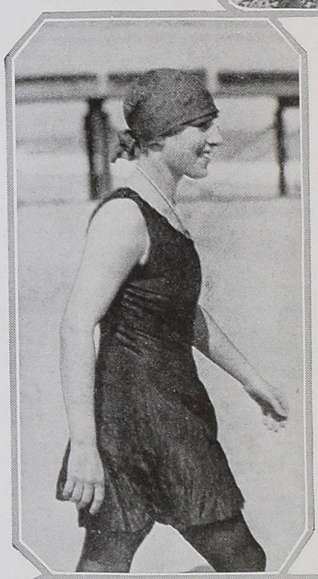


Lady George Wellesley, wife of Major Lord George Wellesley of the Royal Flying Corps, who is a son of the Duke of Wellington, is seen almost daily at tea time in the garden in the Cocoanut Grove. Lord and Lady George Wellesley are among the prominent people who are enjoying the season and its many out-of-doors activities at Palm Beach

International Film Service, Inc.

Mrs. William A. Prime, junior, who was Miss Ruth Kennedy, is very active in war work; she is the secretary of the Vacation War Relief Committee for which Miss Anne Morgan is sponsor. Mrs. Prime's costume shows one of the new hats with draped crown, a well-cut sports skirt, a frilled waist, and the harem veil

Four photographs
© Underwood and Underwood

Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt and her two small sons, Alfred, junior, and George, were among the early arrivals at Palm Beach. She has taken "Ocean View" Cottage, north of the Breakers, for the season. Mrs. Vanderbilt is one of the most active workers at the Red Cross workrooms

Ensign John M. L. Rutherford, who is an aviation instructor at Miami Naval Station, spent his forty-eight hours' leave at Palm Beach. Ensign and Mrs. Rutherford attended the opening of the tea garden of the Royal Poinciana Cocoanut Grove: Mrs. Rutherford is staying at "Bon Air" Cottage

Mrs. Charles F. Choate, junior, who was Miss Nathalie Bishop, and Miss Betty Pierson, daughter of Mr. J. Fred Pierson, junior, are taking a morning stroll. Mrs. Choate was one of the first war brides to come to Palm Beach. Her husband is in France with the One Hundred and First Massachusetts Regiment

ONE OF THE NEWEST FASHIONS OF SUMMER WILL BE THE SEPARATE WAISTCOAT, DESIGNED TO RELEASE A SWEATER FOR A SOLDIER. IT MAY BE WORN NOT ONLY AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR A SWEATER, BUT AS A VEST WITH A SUIT

MODELS FROM BERGDORF GOODMAN

One of those remarkable combinations that one might never have thought of but instantly recognizes as very worth one's while, is that of the waistcoat and the bolero jacket. The young girl has definitely adopted the bolero this season, and one dark satin waistcoat that she very much likes has a narrow belt that laces up one side and ties with long streamers

In deep cerise or apple green, let us say,—one of those vivid shades such as only sports satin affords—can't you picture the charm of this waistcoat over a summer frock? It is long waisted and runs into a wide fitted hip band

Just as inevitably as the sports skirt and blouse go to the country, does the waistcoat of homespun now go with them to lend the right touch of colour—some soft shade, such as pale yellow, rose, or lilac, or tan or warm golden brown. This particular waistcoat is characterized by deeply cut lines which make it very becoming to a fresh white lingerie blouse

Here is a waistcoat blouse which challenges and wins admiration by its use of contrast and distinctive lines. That attached scarf winds its sinuous way right into favour; among its accomplishments are such things as turning into a stock or a bow tie

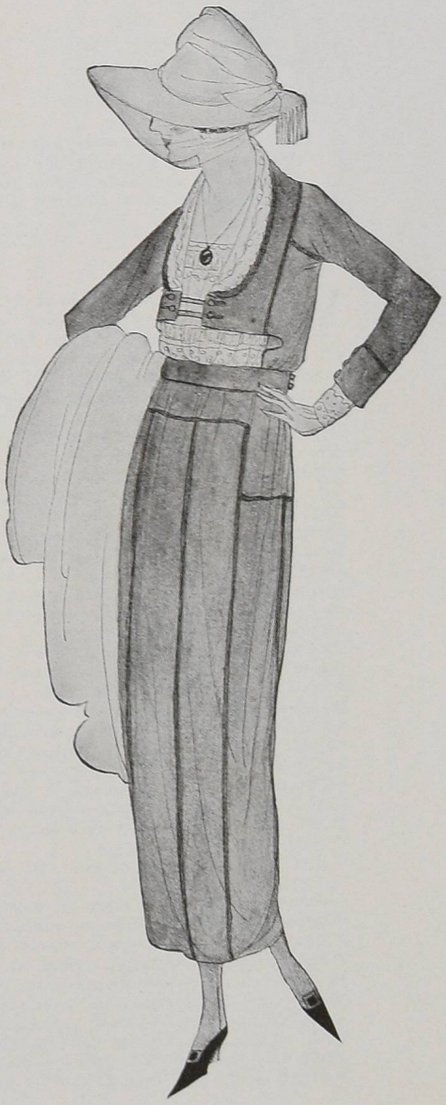
WHEN the American woman censored the wool sweater, she was immediately presented with the waistcoat and the waistcoat blouse, saw their many practical uses at one glance, and now considers them essentials. In vivid and pastel shades, stripes and checks, and various materials,—homespun, velours, duvetyn, satin, and velveteen—these waistcoats will appear under the tailored suit or top-coat, over a sports skirt, or with a light frock.

The model at the upper left is of dark satin. The V-neck is high at the back, and the lines are straight and simple. The homespun waistcoat at the upper right is for country wear. It slips on over the head, buttons at both sides, and is belted in a long-waisted line. In the middle of the page is a satin waistcoat that slips over the head and buttons up the front of the little vest. The fitted band over the hips fastens invisibly at one side. The white waistcoat blouse at the left, of fibre silk jersey piped in navy blue broadcloth, has a broadcloth-lined scarf attached at the back. Blue buttons trim the front and fasten the long tight sleeves. The last model comes in velveteen, duvetyn, or silk poplin, checked or striped in colour.

Now that the sleeveless velveteen waistcoat is relieving the overworked sweater and country coat, it appears cut on straight sports lines. This one, in a refreshing lilac shade, is square under the arms, and the unbuttoned front is held by the narrow belt

ETON SUITS OF BLUE SERGE MAKE MERRY WITH CERTAIN DIVERTING COMPANIONS, SUCH AS COLOURED CRÊPE WAISTCOATS AND BLOUSES OF EMBROIDERED BATISTE

MODELS FROM JULIA CARROLL



(Above) Quite as important as that "consciousness of innocence" upon which Lady Teazle laid so much stress, is the consciousness of elegance. Such a serene assurance may be felt by the woman who wears this dress of black fibre silk, trimmed with bands of the same material in white. The crushed sash, which ties at the back, is lined with white fibre silk and finished with a black fringe

(Right) Blue serge, among materials, is all that Caesar's wife should have been, and all that Bayard was. Above suspicion and beyond reproach, it springs eternal in the feminine wardrobe and invariably achieves new successes. This street frock for a young girl is of navy blue serge with narrow inserted bands of blue taffeta. The underbodice is of cream batiste embroidered and trimmed with shirred bands. It would be difficult to find a better piece of propaganda for the narrow silhouette

Here is a suit which brings fresh laurels to the long famous name of Eton. Not content with indulging its flair for silver embroidery, it revels in various new fantasies of fashion. For example, the waistcoat jacket of soft sports crêpe in a crushed raspberry shade is decidedly among the novelties of 1918, and the slightly shirred tunic of the skirt is one of the charming innovations of this spring. The Eton jacket, which is short and circular, hangs in ripples and is cut in one piece, including the sleeves

DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME

To wear over a silk country costume while motoring, a tailored silk cape with a black and white scheme and a waistcoat effect is excellent

If there is a foulard gown in the wardrobe, there is provision for practically every hour in the day. The surplice line is always becoming and side-draped skirt very new

This is just another example of the endless variety of a little foulard and silk. Since tunics go with various skirts, they are much more of a wartime necessity than a luxury

WHETHER foulards are in or out of fashion, there is a certain type of New York woman—or one might go further and say a certain type of American woman—who is never without at least one foulard dress. So gowned, she may be seen on the Avenue at ten o'clock on a bright spring morning, probably on her way to her pet canteen or committee meeting. Later we may observe her with friends, lunching at a restaurant, and after that she may do a bit of shopping. At five o'clock, at the Ritz, she is sipping her tea, and, if circumstances require, she dines in the same foulard frock. She is never conspicuous, yet she is always well dressed. That is the advantage of foulards. With this material, a woman may indulge in a startling pattern or design and have no fear of being indiscreetly gowned. It offers variety, too; there are soft, dull, silky finishes, a shimmering satin finish, and a heavier twill finish like a fine serge. The colours and combinations of patterns shown this season are more attractive than ever. They are beautifully blended, soft as the texture itself. A navy blue foulard is figured in white, black is figured in white or beige, navy blue is figured in dull red or apple green, and chocolate—called "Maillard" brown—is figured in white or beige.

THE FASHION OF FOULARD

As in other materials, there are a number of different qualities and likewise a number of different prices. A very good quality in navy blue, with white figures, is priced at $2.50 a yard and is thirty-six inches wide. An extremely fine quality costs $4.50 a yard and is forty inches wide. Generally, foulard comes forty inches wide, and at dressmaking shops where only the very best quality is handled, it is priced all the way from $3 to $8 a yard. Of

course, the imported materials are more expensive and come in very small quantities.

A HIGHLY PRACTICAL MATERIAL

Not only are the small dressmakers enthusiastic about foulard, but the largest establishments use it in their smartest gowns for daytime wear. The majority of these gowns are practically untrimmed; if they are trimmed, it is only with a gilet and dainty collar and cuffs of organdie, chiffon, or net. Pipings and loops sometimes appear in plain satin or silk, and other accessories are fine silk braid and fringe. The practical gown of foulard, taking even wartime economy into consideration, could in no way be termed a luxury. The material is suited to persons of almost all ages, although the satin finish is considered a trifle more youthful than the dull finish. When one considers how appropriate it is for almost any occasion, it is indeed a comfort to know there is such a material. In the country or in town, one may quite correctly wear a gown of foulard at any time during the day. Grouped together on these pages are a number of models which were designed especially for the use of foulard, with the requirements of different ages and types of women in mind.

The design suggested in the sketch in the middle of the opposite page would be extremely charming in this material, which is so easily draped. It is shown in a dark navy blue figured in beige, with a shiny satin finish, and it is one of those surplice dresses, not new as fashion goes, but becoming to almost any figure. One side of the skirt drapes up under a soft sash tie belt, so that it forms a tunic. The sash that ties at one side comes from the surplice bodice, and the sash ends are finished with a fringe in navy blue and beige silk cords. One side of the frock, as well as the sleeves, is outlined in fine navy blue soutache braid, and the gilet may be of softly pleated chiffon or heavy Georgette crêpe in a light sand shade. The neck-line, though severe, has been tried and found most complimentary to the average woman. In this dress, on simple lines, one may be suitably gowned for a number of occasions, and the frock itself might easily be mistaken for a French model. It is offered in the very best quality of foulard and made to order by a dressmaker who knows her art and has had years of experience to prove it; price, $75. She will furnish materials and trimmings, and she has a large line of samples from the best shops from which to make a choice of colour combinations. For $100 one may have more expensive findings and a lace and embroidery-trimmed gilet. With a design such as this, one may be reasonably sure of success from the start, so consistent is it in plan and so well chosen and combined are its features.

This department, "Dressing on a War Income," new as it is, has already received requests for suggestions for the older woman who wishes to be quietly but distinctively gowned. It is for her that the model sketched at the left on this page is suggested. An uneven spiral skirt is most becoming, and it, again, suggests foulard. This one is particularly well designed; the circular flounces are longer at one side than at the other, and the underskirt is quite long and tight. It is not full, this skirt, but the rippling flares give a slight effect of fulness. A basque bodice is almost tight, wrinkling softly across the front. Round ball buttons covered with the material and French buttonholes not only fasten the bodice, but make a simple trimming. There are a number of lovely foulards that might be chosen for this frock, but it is shown in a combination of dull black foulard with figures in light tan. The collar, which is hand hemstitched, is of café au lait chiffon. A little dressmaker offers a number of materials from which to make a selection and will make this gown to measure in finest materials for $85. This is an exclusive model and, being made to order, it may always add the detail which makes the gown one's own. After all, it is the incidental trimming, the small details, that make a gown new and interesting this season.

This beige satin cape significantly makes much of its figured cerise lining. The making of durable and attractive linings is another practical use for foulard

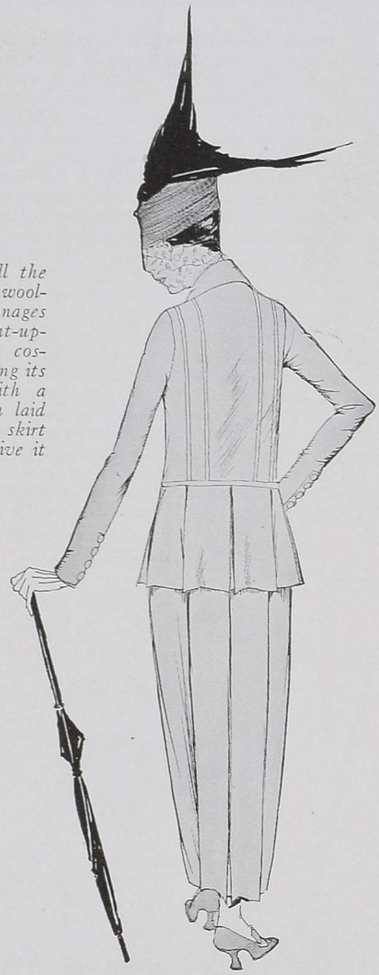
This foulard frock with its basque bodice and spiral skirt has a dignity that will make it becoming to the older woman and likewise a way of dressing for many occasions

No wonder the war has made foulard fashionable. Not costly, but verily of long wearing quality, it is true economy and the commended material of all others for these times

IT'S THE COAT THAT MAKES THE DRESS, IF IT IS A SLEEVELESS JACKET

THIS SPRING, WAIST-LINE AND HIP-LINE ARE OFTEN ONE AND THE SAME

MODELS FROM FRANKLIN SIMON

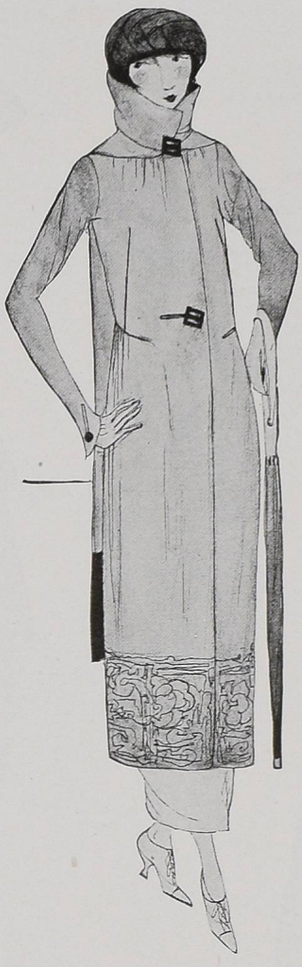


This suit of covert cloth has all the slim straightness demanded by a wool-conserving spring, and still it manages to look different from other straight-up-and-down-which-way-is-she-going costumes. This it does by accentuating its exaggeratedly long waist-line with a heavy cord and having a peplum laid in wide box pleats. The plain skirt also has two wide box pleats to give it a becoming fulness

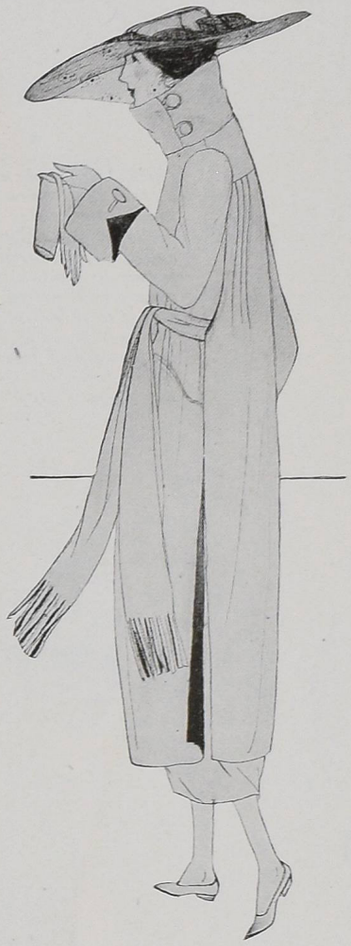
When this green-brown silk poplin frock takes off its sleeveless Eton jacket,—and at the bottom of the page there is a picture of how it looks when it does—it resembles one of those little swathed-about-the-hip frocks that our mothers wore just about the time they were married. You know the sort,—they had loops in the back; and, if you look quickly at the bottom picture, you will see that this frock has, too. The embroidery on the frock and coat is of wool, to match the poplin, and the white satin gilet fastens with silver buttons

These days, any mere slip of a frock can take on all the airs of a suit by just rapidly putting on a sleeveless jacket. That's what this frock of tobacco brown fibre silk did, and the jacket is a rather gorgeous affair of richly patterned tinsel cloth. The coat has slits for the belt of the dress, which is stitched and fringed with wool; a bit of tinsel cloth trims each sleeve

This is the back view of the frock shown at the left. Right down the back is a loose panel of the green-brown poplin of which the frock is made, and at the end of the panel is a queer little sash made of three straight loops. The sleeves and the skirt are consistently long and tight, and both are trimmed with a band of matching wool embroidery



This brick coloured coat of velours, from Premet, looks like a poppy—but a tightly closed bud, for it follows the straight and slender lines of spring from its narrow yoke at the top down to its heavy brick red silk stitching at the bottom. Like many other new coats, it is fitted in at the waist-line and is guiltless of a belt



A short narrow yoke is an excellent beginning for a top-coat this season. Lanvin began this one, of pale grey silk crêpe lined with sapphire blue silk, with one of these yokes and then added nothing at all but some long loose panels and a fringed sash,—and called it a coat. We call it one of the smartest ones we've seen

No one but a designer like Dœuillet could disregard the slender silhouette and make a coat as successful as this one of navy blue taffeta lined with navy blue Georgette crêpe. It's light and fluffy in appearance and it's to be worn with an afternoon frock

NARROW YOKES, LOOSE PANELS, EMBROIDERY, AND A HAPPY CHOICE OF MATERIALS, MEET ON THE NEW TOP-COATS

THE coats of spring, like all things new and progressive, have scorned many of the ways of last season and discovered new and interesting devices for themselves. A short narrow yoke is seen on many coats and, occasionally, as in the coat at the upper left on this page, it becomes a long loose panel at the back. There is a noticeable absence of the tie belt and a variety of belt arrangements are taking its place.

The coat at the upper left on this page is of heavy wool velours in a bright brick colour, half-lined with black satin quilted in brick coloured silk. Brick coloured silk is used for the heavy stitching at the bottom. The fulness is confined over the hips, and the front and back are perfectly straight. Large, square, and very odd amber buttons and deep French buttonholes fasten the coat. The soft high standing collar is equally becoming when worn open and turned down. The top-coat sketched at the upper right is a new model made entirely of loose panels which hang from a short yoke. It is of a pale grey silk crêpe lined with sapphire blue silk. The collar may be worn high and buttoned at the side, or low, showing the blue silk facing. A sash of the grey material lined with the blue silk and finished with a deep fringe of grey and blue silk, ties at the front.

A new coat which disregards the slim straight lines, is sketched at the lower left on this page. It is of navy blue taffeta silk lined with navy blue Georgette crêpe and is designed to be worn over an afternoon dress of some soft summer material. Bands of the Georgette crêpe trim the bottom of the coat and veil the collar and cuffs; the sleeves are full from below a deep kimono yoke line. Chanel's favourite material, wool jersey, fashions the smart top-coat for a young girl, sketched at the lower right on this page. It is of brown jersey embroidered in brown wool and gold tinsel thread with touches of dark green. The whole coat is outlined with narrow bands of wool stitching edged with the gold. The lining is dark brown crêpe de Chine.

No coat could be more unpretentious in line than this one of brown wool jersey, but Chanel, who designed it, felt that her duty to simplicity ended there and embroidered it to her heart's content with brown wool and gold tinsel thread and bits of dark green

All that we can say by way of description is: item, one skirt; item, one waist; item, two sleeves. But the sum total—and this is the most evident part—is pure charm. The bands of filet lace are beige, like the linen, and there is no visible fastening. The way the long-waisted bodice blouses over the ribbon sash is a new feature; another is the drapery of that sash over the hips and its tendency to go up at the side, where it is caught and held by a cluster of dainty flowers

(Below) When she appears some afternoon in this street frock, she is very very far from conspicuous. The only definite impression we receive is that she is very quietly and charmingly gowned. In deference to peacock blue and other strange colours embroidered on the belt, the blue of this crêpe meteor became a faded background tone. For the double collar with narrow pleated ruffles and the soft pleats of the gilet, pale grey organdie was used. Every line is straight, and the tunic opens in front

Black and white, as a combination, simply can not outstay its welcome; abroad and at home, it is still a favourite of the designers. This frock began as a straight slip of white silk; then layers of black chiffon contributed their part, veiling the white chiffon gilet, forming the sleeves, sides, and back of the bodice, and draping the skirt, cleverly, so that it is wide at the sides, but flat both front and back. The carelessly looped sash is fringed half in white and half in black

MODELS FROM MC NALLY

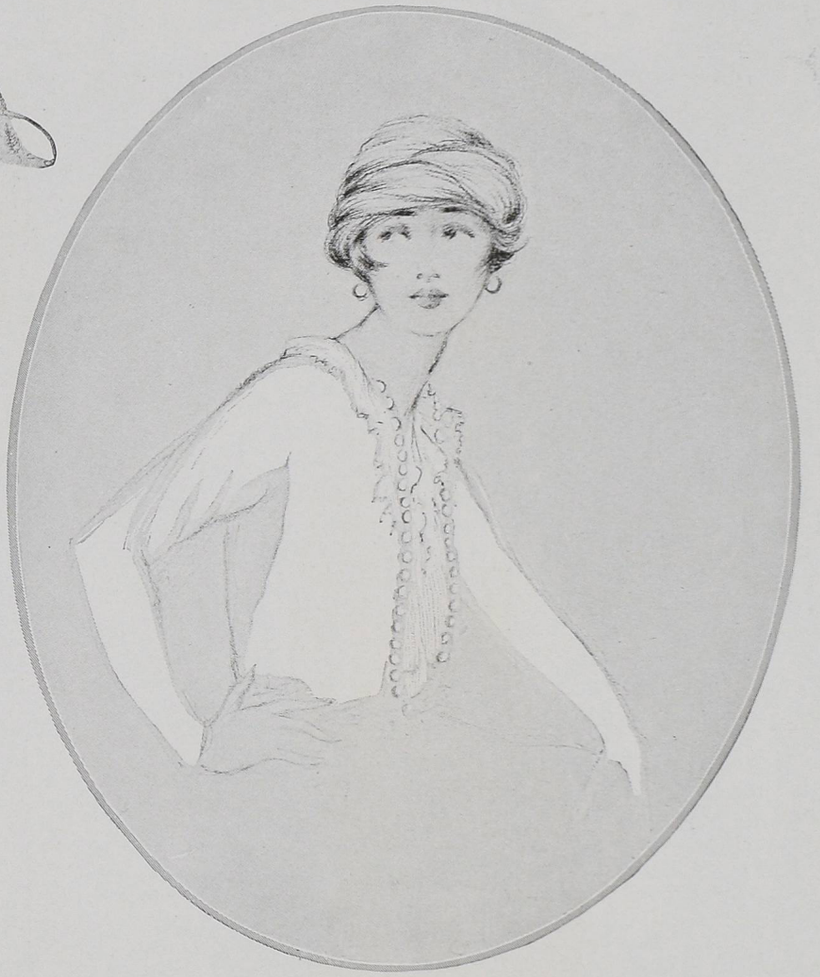
A FROCK FOR MORNING WEAR AND TWO FOR LATER IN THE DAY SHOW

STRAIGHT LINES, SOFT DRAPERY, AND THE LONG SASHED WAIST

IT IS REALLY SHOCKINGLY LONG SINCE WE HAVE HAD NEW COIFFURES; PARIS HAS RELIEVED OUR SAMENESS WITH THESE

It is only the woman who is perfectly coiffed who can go forth and meet the gaze of the world with epic unconcern. This coiffure, which whirls the hair about the head, and fastens it with a comb concealed by a cluster of curls over the right ear, does for a woman what a knowledge as to how the stock market will close every night does for a man

This is just another case of, "It isn't so much what she does, as the way she does it,"—and that, by the way, is truer of a woman than of anything else in the world. This coiffure is very simple (indeed, the arrangement of the side curls is almost negligent) but the soft twist at the nape of the neck is knowingly made. The coiffure is by Desfossé



(Right) It really makes no difference what clever, analytical, and discerning thoughts are concealed beneath your hair, if they are not concealed by that disarming disguise which is a woman's privilege — a perfect and distracting coiffure. The fashion in which this hair is dressed is accomplished by bringing the long hair from the back of the head and twisting it over and under itself in folds, like some soft and silken textile

(Below, middle) "A hair's breadth may divide the false and true,"—and that is a subtle suggestion to her whose hair is entirely trustworthy as far as it goes, but who has difficulty in making it go far enough. It would be all very easy to have it parted on the side, with the front hair confined by a brown ribbon bandeau, and to have the hair which is brought to the top of the head "true," with, perhaps, just a dash of "false"

If you care for a more involved way of doing things, and have the sort of personality that can see it through, why you may wear your hair cut in short lengths, curled in three regular layers of little curls on both sides, and a chignon in back. Coiffure by Desfossé

This coiffure is a prescription for the right thing to do with green eyes and red hair. The fringe is an artificial one, but all the discerning dowagers in the world could never penetrate its secret. The hair is parted on top, there is a crêpe de Chine bandeau and a chignon in back

Campbell Studios

MRS. JAMES H. KIDDER

Mrs. James H. Kidder has been taking an active interest in the French Actors' Fund, of which organization she is the President. This Fund is the American branch of L'Aide aux Artistes et Employés de Théâtre, and is for the benefit of the destitute wives and children, not only of French actors, but of those connected with the many other activities of the theatre. Rodin designed a medal which has been offered for sale in this country to aid this Fund

THE STAGE WOMAN'S WAR RELIEF

The Women of the Theatre Have Organized to Aid The Men of the Profession Who Are at the Front

By RACHEL CROTHERS

Rachel Crothers was one of the seven who held the first meeting from which the Stage Woman's War Relief grew; she is now the President of the organization

Two photographs from White Studio

Minnie Dupree, as Certified Instructor of Surgical Dressings, has been responsible for the vast quantities of excellent work accomplished by that department

Arnold Genthe

Julia Marlowe, who is one of the Advisory Board of the Stage Woman's War Relief, has been consistently generous in her response to the demands of the work

LAST April, when seven prominent women of the stage met and discussed the possibilities of organizing the Stage Woman's War Relief, they did not dream that in only a few months it would be one of the most important organizations in the country. Two weeks after this first small meeting, a mass meeting was held at the Hudson Theatre. Mrs. Henry B. Harris, the owner of this theatre, placed it at the disposal of the Stage Woman's War Relief, not only for that particular mass meeting, but for whatever purposes at any time the organization may desire to use it. This first meeting was attended by women only—women who pledged themselves to stand together and work for the men of the theatre who have gone to the front.

THOSE WHO DO THE WORK

The women who are working for this organization are not only actresses, but women who are connected in any way with the many activities of the theatre. In this cosmopolitan group of women, all working for the same cause, are playwrights, ushers, dressmakers, and others employed behind the scenes; and then, too, there are the women who are relatives of the men of the theatre. Nor is it only for the actor-soldier that these women are working; they are also working for the men who worked in any capacity, however humble, connected with the theatre.

In order to become a member of the Stage Woman's War Relief, a woman has merely to register her name with the organization; she may then work in any of its departments. And the ways in which she may serve are many; she may aid the organization financially, or be employed in its workroom in New York, or Chicago, or in other cities where branches are being formed, or she may make garments at home and send them to headquarters.

As soon as the New York workroom of the Stage Woman's War Relief was in readiness, and that was shortly after the first mass meeting, the women who had pledged themselves to this service began pouring in,—and they have never stopped.

In a few weeks after the first packing-cases had been sent from this workroom, word came from the Red Cross that every article in the first two cases that had been sent had been examined, and that it was not necessary to open any more,—the work was so excellent. This work was done under the direction of Minnie Dupree, who took charge of the entire Surgical Dressings department and personally instructed the workers.

The output from this New York workroom by the first of January, 1918—and it is to be remembered that the organization had its first meeting in April—was:

Dressings	92,189
Baby Clothes	9,489
Hospital Garments	5,309

There were also more than $7,000 worth of knitted garments, besides rubber goods, shoes, kit-bags, and accessories, so that the total number of articles sent over was 124,191. Most of this service is entirely voluntary; a few of the workers receive small salaries, and where these salaries are paid, it is because the women have given up their professional work to devote their entire time to this. The service done in the workroom is not all of the work that is done; there are many departments and many other kinds of work.

The organization stands behind the families of the men of the theatrical profession and cares for them if help is needed, and the poster to the actor-soldier has been sent to every training-camp in the country, telling him what the Stage Woman's War Relief means to him. Many are the letters of gratitude that come to headquarters, and there is in all of them a pride that the organization belongs to the actor and that it is being maintained by those of his own profession. Many of these letters bear such messages as, "Will you look up my mother and tell me how she is getting on?" or, "I've just heard about you over here in France. If you will only look after my wife and family, it will make the whole game look better." Then, too, there are human documents like those that follow, very satisfying to the workers for this cause.

To the Stage Woman's War Relief—

I received your Christmas and Thanksgiving gifts, and was very glad to receive them and I would a wrote and thank you before this but we are quite busy down here, and we received one hundred and fifty horses and they are all green and we have lots of fun with them trying to put on harness. We are having rain season down here it's rotten weather we cannot do a thing. Just before the rain we have been out in the Firing Range shooting off the big boys.

It won't be long before this outfit is over with our brothers helping to hang the Kaiser and this is a regiment that will do its bit. You don't hear much of it while we are here but oh boy when we go across why there won't be no stopping us, as we are the boys of the 76th and we will always keep it a good name.

Well I guess I will close. With many thanks for your presents and will always think and remember of the Stage Woman's War Relief.

Yours truly,
Corporal————.

Dear Friends:

It was quite a surprise to me as I walked into the Company Mess House today to see your "one sheet" hitting me in the face. Oh it was good. I simply had to sit down and drop you a line. So here goes.

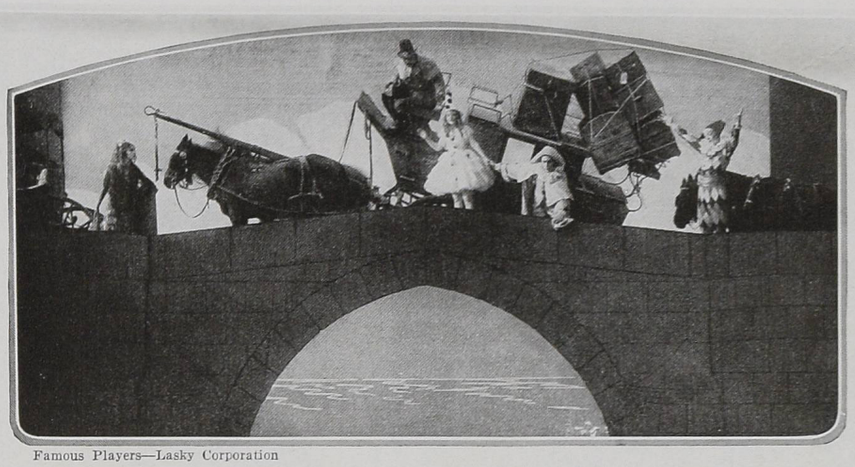
Musical Comedy is my line. And I have no home address. Age is 26. Am

(*Continued on page 67*)

White Studio

GERALDINE FARRAR

This photograph shows the prima donna as the heroine of "Lodoletta," Mascagni's latest composition, which had its American première at the Metropolitan Opera House this winter and which is probably Mascagni's greatest success since his famous "Cavalleria Rusticana." The story of the opera is a version of "Two Little Wooden Shoes," by Ouida. Caruso sang opposite Farrar in the rôle of the French painter, Flammen



Famous Players—Lasky Corporation

Marguerite Clark made, in "Prunella," a stage exit; it is to be hoped, a temporary one; she is about to reappear on the screen in the same play. The illustration is from the screen version

SEEN *on the* STAGE

These the Theatre Presents: History, Satire, an Angel Heroine, a Play That Shall Not Pass, Tradition, and a Classic Return

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

NAPOLEON was a master-melodramatist. In any situation, he saw himself as an actor playing a part, and seldom failed to hit the histrionic note of the occasion. Even his enemies could not deny the popular appeal of his theatricism. When he escaped from Elba and landed in the south of France, he found himself confronted by a company of troops expected to be hostile. He stepped forward, flung back the flap of his overcoat, and cried, "Which of you will fire on your General?" The troops turned and marched behind him,—all the way to Paris. There was nothing else for them to do.

THE VOICE OF NAPOLEON

Even in his tomb, Napoleon speaks forth with the authentic voice of the greatest stage-director of all time. When you enter the Invalides, you are prepared for a profound emotion by the mystic bluish light that floats down from the dome and broods upon the huge sarcophagus with solemn grandeur. This meditative haze is emphasized by the golden glow that gleams about the altar. No more masterly stage-setting has ever been designed; but the climax of emotion comes when you read the great inscription that was written by Napoleon himself. *"Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple français que j'ai tant aimé."* Few there are who can read this sentence without tears:—it is so triumphant in its trumpet-blare of prose.

AN HISTORIC MELODRAMATIST

Napoleon had many faults as a man, but none as an actor. The present age deplores and deprecates his lust for limitless dominion; future periods may refuse to laud him as an emperor, or even as a general; the world may finally regard him only as a lucky upstart and the arch-adventurer of history; but the time will never come when any commentator will deny that he was a noble artist. By sheer imaginative power, he managed to transform himself into a legendary figure which lives in the memory of all mankind with the immortal life shared only by the greatest characters of fiction and the drama. He is one with Hamlet, Don Quixote, and Œdipus the King.

Napoleon died in 1821,—which is nearly a century ago. Since then, his image, so easy to ape and imitate in make-up, has been often represented on the stage, but never adequately. Napoleon is easily the most dramatic and the most theatric figure bequeathed to memory by modern history; yet there is no great play about him. The reason is that no playwright

Marion Coakley, in "Success," makes a within-the-play début as Cordelia in "King Lear." Brandon Tynan plays with skill the part of her father, which is what is known as a Warfield rôle

Emily Stevens is again championing the modern heroine; she appears in "The Madonna of the Future" by Alan Dale, once a critic, now a playwright

Two photographs by Arnold Genthe

Minna Gombel. We are used to modern wives, but Frederic and Fanny Hatton discover "The Indestructible Wife," in a play which is inexcusably vulgar

White Studio

Baron de Meyer

Edith Wynne Matthison recently gave matinée performances, at the Cort Theatre, of "Everyman" and of two Shakespeare comedies. The photograph shows her as Portia, the part in which she appeared first in England with Sir Henry Irving

Arnold Daly, in "Josephine," plays Napoleon as he appeared in the eyes of his wife. This satirical play by Herman Bahr, the witty author of "The Concert" and "The Master," puts the audience somewhat disappointingly in the place of the valet to a hero

Maurice Goldberg

has arisen in the world since 1821 whose imagination was sufficiently immense to cope with the unlimited theatrical fertility of Napoleon himself. Unfortunately for the drama, the author of "Coriolanus" died so long ago as 1616. Napoleon is not a character to be depicted by Pinero or Hauptmann or Brieux.

Many attempts by secondary playwrights to exhibit Napoleon as the hero of a drama have met with swift disaster. The reason was, in each case, that the image in the public mind was bigger before the curtain rose than after it descended. It is always futile, in the theatre, to dissatisfy a high expectancy. As Emerson remarked to a youthful Harvard student who had written an essay in disparagement of the philosophy of Plato,—"When you strike at a king you must kill him."

THE MONOPOLIZING OF A PLAY

The danger of attempting to depict Napoleon upon the stage, and of failing ignominiously in this high endeavour, was deftly dodged by so pre-eminent a dramatist as M. Edmond Rostand when he applied himself to the task of composing the Napoleonic drama called "L'Aiglon." The great actor, Coquelin, had asked him for an opportunity to play a grumpy grenadier *à grandes moustaches;* and the part of Flambeau was conceived from this suggestion. But M. Rostand soon realized that Napoleon, if permitted to appear, would take the play away from the character designed for Coquelin. To keep Napoleon off-stage, the author ad-

(*Continued on page 71*)

White Studio

William Kelly plays Major Fielding in "Seven Days' Leave," a melodrama of the present war in which incidents take place so rapidly that one is never quite sure why they take place at all. This piece, however, was a great success in London, where it is still running

MAKERS *of* MUSIC

An Embarrassment of Riches Is Provided for the Music Lover, in Opera Concert, and Recital, This Season

By HIRAM KELLY MODERWELL

Florence Easton, who made her début at the Metropolitan this year, achieved a sensational triumph in the title rôle of Liszt's "St. Elizabeth." The work was known to musicians as an oratorio but was given its American opera première in English to comply with the boycott of the German language decreed at the Metropolitan

Baron de Meyer

CONSIDER the pampered opera audience. All is done to foster its pleasure, to humour its whims. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the fact that in the opera house one rejoices in a large and comfortable stall, and is permitted to enter during the performance without braving the frown of the music-worshipper. These material considerations are unworthy of comment in a page of reflections on æsthetic values in music. One need only recall how much is done in minor æsthetic matters to please the senses of the opera-goer. He is privileged to look upon a singer attractively gowned, if not always beautiful in person, and framed in a picturesque setting which is meant to charm the eye. He is invited, he is urged, to devote his attention to the stage, for there are no distracting lights in the auditorium to call attention to his neighbour's toilette, or to her knitting, or to anything that is his neighbour's. Contrast his happy estate with that of the audience which listens to recitals in New York,—an audience which is deprived of all aids to illusion. It gathers indeed for the music's sake, but should it, one wonders, for that reason be robbed of the pleasure of an attractively decorated stage? It is assured that the recital is a more exalted, somehow a more virtuous form of entertainment than opera. But must virtue forever be its own reward?

After the gaudy brightness of the stage of Aeolian Hall, how pleasant it is, for example, to see Geraldine Farrar in the title rôle of the new opera, "Lodoletta," a part which she has lately resigned to Florence Easton, but one which has already been written down in the books of public record as one of her most charming rôles. Farrar in the costume of a Dutch peasant girl, surrounded by funny little Dutch houses which set off her beauty, and by funny Dutch children who draw out her charm, is a picture which would attract many an eager audience even were there no music to idealize it. Again, Farrar, having in opera the privileges of an actress, is permitted to exercise all her arts to beguile the eyes and the imaginations of her audience; whereas the recital singer feels obliged to adopt that forbidding "concert manner" which is supposed to comport with "pure music." Farrar, acting with consummate skill, as the dreamy girl of the first act, timid among her friends save when her beloved children gather around her to hear a story; Farrar, fluttering in the second act with a new-found affection for the romantic artist who has come out of the west to adore her; Farrar, in the third act, pathetically searching in cold boisterous Paris for the hero of her dreams, is a figure to cast glamour about music much less inspired than that of Mascagni. But how often is the beauty of Brahms or Schubert or Wolf obscured in its attempt to pierce through the "platform personality" of a singer in a too brightly illuminated hall. However, the concert platform has recently given evidences of a desire to reform—to follow, even though falteringly, in the giant strides lately taken by the stage in the matter of stage sets.

(*Continued on page 65*)

A R T

By MARION E. FENTON

FOR the first time, architects, sculptors, and decorative painters took a secondary part in the annual exhibition of the Architectural League of New York, for an innovation marked their thirty-third exhibition, which opened on February 2nd in the Fine Arts Building. In this exhibition a definite and successful step was taken to meet the long felt need of correlating the various arts and the innumerable crafts which must inevitably be combined in the completion of an harmoniously appointed house and of bringing these into closer accord with the art of the architect. Here, in a limited space, richly transformed into colonnaded hall and alcoved rooms, were brought together fine examples not only of the skill of the architect, sculptor, landscape architect, and decorative painter, but added to these the work of master craftsmen, manufacturers of fine furniture, makers of metal work, tile, glass, rugs, and textiles, combined with a display of strictly necessary and practical building materials needed in construction; while in contrast to this work of present day artists and craftsmen were shown rooms of ancient panelling and furniture, which have been not only the forerunner but the inspiration for much of that of recent years. In short, the visitor might, as it were, having chosen his plan, select for his "Castle in Spain" everything from foundation to roof, and, having built his house and garden, find for them decorations and furnishings of no less beauty and artistic excellence; for only such objects as passed the test as having real art merit were admitted. The object of this exhibition was undoubtedly twofold: primarily to establish a closer cooperation of the crafts and the trades with the art of the architect for the purpose of achieving a more harmonious whole in the finished building; and secondly to train the eye of the public to an appreciation of really fine objects of furnishing and to the need of their relation and harmony, not only to one another, but to the building as well.

(Above) The Lafayette Memorial for Brooklyn, by Daniel C. French, had the distinction of being unveiled in the presence of the visiting French Commission and Sarah Bernhardt

(Left) Among the sculpture shown by A. Stirling Calder, this decorative figure for the Deering estate, Florida, stands as an example of the freedom and vitality characterizing his work

De Witt C. Ward

THE LAFAYETTE MEMORIAL FOR BROOKLYN

Although proportionately small, the Fine Arts section of the exhibition held much of unusual interest, in spite of a larger percentage of sculpture for monuments and for garden figures than is usual in comparison with decorative painting. Only the Academy room maintained its original character of an exhibition gallery. Here were arranged many of the principal pieces of sculpture, among which the place of honour was given to the Lafayette Memorial for Brooklyn, by Daniel C. French. In this an interestingly and minutely modelled figure of the young Marquis de Lafayette stands out with French nobility and serene dignity, the soldier and aristocratic leader, against a simplified relief background of horse and groom. If there is a feeling of an almost uncomfortable flattening of this background of less interesting and less varied modelling, it serves unquestionably to throw into greater prominence the figure of Lafayette, modelled in the round, which easily holds the central place and dominates the relief. Of the competing sculpture in the room there is nothing which can compare either with the skill or with the grace and refinement of this relief.

A grave steel designed by Kenyon Cox is so reminiscent of the days of ancient Greece as to make one look twice to discover it a memorial for a modern cemetery. Evelyn Longman's model of the drum for a centennial monument, Chicago, carries little conviction and has more of a painted than of a modelled quality; while some of the separate figures have individual interest, they have little to hold them together into a decorative frieze. Janet Scudder has modelled in relief a wall fountain, less expected and less successful than her usual single child figure in the round. While sculpture was given preeminence in this one room, it was by no means confined to this part of the exhibition, but was scattered throughout the galleries with pleasing decorative effect. One of the most vital and spontaneous groups was that by Jess M. Lawson, entitled "War," an expressively modelled, vivid portrayal of the mother protecting her babe from the disaster which seems about to overtake her. Not only in the backward look of the mother, but in the whole expression of her crouching form as she clasps the frightened child in her arms, has Lawson expressed his thought beautifully and feelingly.

THE WORK OF CHARLES KECK

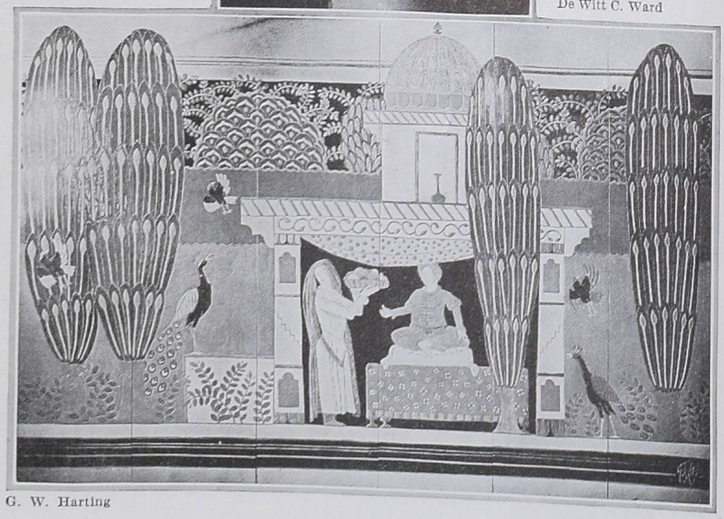
Among the examples of sculpture which served a utilitarian as well as an artistic purpose, were reliefs by Charles Keck for bronze entrance doors. While modelled on the same general plan as the bronze doors of the Italian Renaissance, panelled doors with figures and background in various heights of relief, there was nothing in the least reminiscent in their subject, which dealt largely with our own Colonial days. The variety in modelling to express distance and perspective and the balance of corresponding designs which, in spite of diversity of grouping and separate panel designs, yet fitted into a perfect whole, made the doors not only well designed, but architecturally decorative and delicately portrayed.

While much of the sculptured as well as the architectural work was necessarily represented in photograph only, there were a number of unusually pleasing garden figures, graceful nudes for fountains and garden pools, birds skilfully adapted for fountain, sun-dial, or garden gateposts. Though little of his work was shown other than in photograph, the Medal of Honour in sculpture was awarded to Paul Bartlett, on the basis of his able work for the national Capitol, which was shown in photograph.

A VARIETY OF WORKS OF ART

Batik hangings of unusual beauty, designed in the spirit of fifteenth century tapestries, by Bertram Hartman, delightfully and decoratively represented "The Chase," "Spring," and "Summer," while of more Eastern inspiration was the beautiful "Sorceress," designed by Crisp and executed by the Myer Studios. Among the most truly decorative pieces in the exhibition was a tenfold screen of adapted Eastern subject, designed by C. B. Falls and painted in rich colour and lacquer effect by Pieter Myer and Emile Werchers. In a very conventionalized Eastern garden, with its peacocks and its pavilion, shaded by conventionalized green trees, a handmaiden brings to her master a basket of Eastern fruits. Among the decorative paintings was a

(Continued on page 72)



G. W. Harting

One of the most decorative exhibits at the Architectural League was a tenfold screen which was designed by C. B. Falls and executed by Pieter Myer and Emile Werchers

MEETING MEATLESS DAYS HALF-WAY

Economy Is a Good Friend but a Bitter Enemy; They Are Wise Who Cultivate It before It Seeks Them

By GRACE CRAWLEY OAKLEY

IN spite of the fact that the day was cold and dreary, it seemed as if sunshine and warmth entered that staid and select meat and grocery shop with her.

"What will you have to-day?" asked the clerk, who seemed eager to please.

"Show me exactly how large is one ounce of meat," she requested. "Won't you please take a scrap from that pile and weigh it for me?"

A gleam of interest lighted the face of a woman standing further down the counter. She drew nearer.

"Why, it's very tiny, isn't it?" exclaimed the girl, as she watched the scales. Then she turned and saw the other woman. She recognized her instantly as an acquaintance, a woman of prominence in the community, one who bore a name which was a synonym for wealth and power. The girl knew the older woman's reputation for reserve, even for hauteur. But now the older woman not only bowed but spoke pleasantly.

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT ASKS US TO SAVE

"That is the amount of meat that the government asks each person to save every day, is it not?" she inquired.

"Yes, and isn't it a little piece?" answered the girl. "You'd hardly count it as meat at all. It isn't as large as the bit that they trim from the end of a porterhouse steak, and yet if everyone saves it, the Commissioner says that the deficit of the people on the other side will be made up."

"Five pounds of this roast?" suggested the clerk, holding up a piece of beef. "It is an exceptionally fine one."

"No, indeed," replied the girl. "I know that is what I have been buying, but from now on my orders will be reduced by half a pound a day. You may give me just four and a half pounds. That saves eight ounces for four people, and I am sure we shall never miss it."

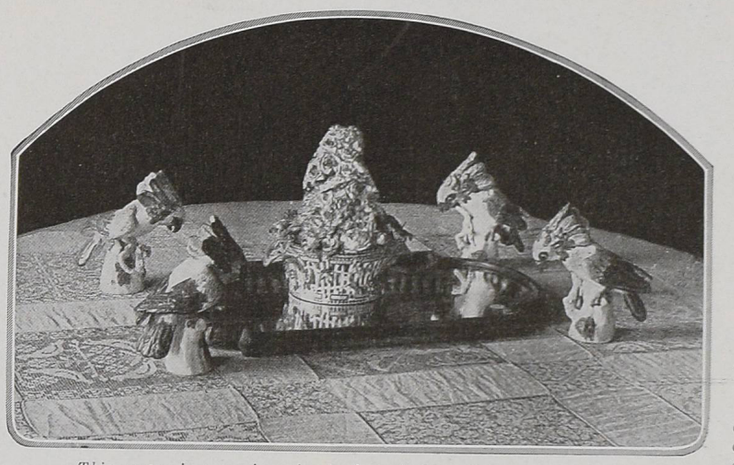
The older woman's interest was very apparent. "You are conserving, I see," she said. "I'm trying to help, too. I'm not only saving meat; I'm producing it. I'm going to make our country places work for the war. Of course, every inch that can be made productive is under cultivation, but besides that I am going to raise ducks."

RAISING DUCKS TO HELP THE ALLIES

"Ducks? Why, they can't be shipped abroad."

"No, but we can eat them, and our neighbours can eat them, and we can sell the remainder, and then the meats that we save can be transported. I have learned a lot about ducks in the past few weeks. A chicken—of course, we have many of them, too—takes ten months to grow to roasting age, but a healthy duckling six weeks old weighs—would you believe it?—six pounds. I have put in three incubators, and just as soon as the season opens I expect to raise ducks by the hundreds. I am even making plans for enclosed ponds and artificially heated houses next winter. I am trying to spread the propaganda among all the people I know. If I can induce my friends and acquaintances to do likewise, there will be quantities of delicious food to release beef and pork for France and England."

"I suppose the reason why ducks are expensive, is that they are scarce. If the market could be flooded with them, they could be made a frequent pièce de résistance on every dinner table," ventured the girl.



This centrepiece consists of a basket of china flowers and a group of parrots gazing at their mirrored reflections. Such a decoration is not only smart and new but an economical substitute for flowers; from Wanamaker

"Yes, and really, you know, there is a lot to learn about ducks. Then I am making plans to raise pigs. A cow—or I think they are called steers when they are grown to eat—takes two or three years to reach the proper size for slaughtering, but a hog can be matured in from ten months to a year. They are very prolific, too. They come in litters of six and seven and even more. Of course, I shall raise them for the home market, but every pig that I sell locally means one extra one for shipment to our associates in the war. This isn't an original idea, by the way. It is a tip from the Germans. Herbert Hoover says that in Germany four million hogs—think of it—are raised in this way, by individuals."

By this time the girl's parcel of meat was wrapped. "I'll take it," she declared. "I have the car outside. Carrying home your own parcels is another war measure." She picked up the bundle, but lingered, while the other woman gave her order, and, still talking, together they moved toward the door. Presently they drove off in the younger woman's car, apparently very deep in a discussion of the war and its obligations. An hour before they had been mere acquaintances; now they were linked by a common interest and purpose.

The roots of this are very deep, and their effects are seen everywhere. Households are being humanized. Women who have been at the head of great establishments, and who have heretofore been too engrossed with social duties to regard their servants as more than merely excellent machines, are being astonished. When they approach their maids and cooks and the great army of those who serve them—perhaps with qualms, for good servants in peace times are hard to retain and exacting of privileges—they find that their maids and men servants have friends in the English army, brothers fighting with the French, countrymen suffering in Belgium, and so into those households enters a spirit of co-operation for the common good which is very wonderful. They are all conserving to help their own people.

Besides this, it is an excellent thing for our physical well-being that we eat less meat. As a nation we have used it in too great quantities. Its excessive consumption produces rheumatism, gout, hardened arteries, premature old age, and various bodily disorders. No other nation eats as much meat as we do. The reason it has played too large a part in our diet is, perhaps, because a balanced meal seems simpler to plan when meat is largely used for the protein. But the woman who desires to help out the food situation is finding in the shops many interesting books which introduce to her, in new combinations, vegetables with which she has heretofore had but a meager acquaintance. She discovers that potatoes are particularly rich in protein and, combined with cheese, make a fine meat substitution. She also learns that cabbage and turnips and carrots can be palatably cooked and that as regulators of bodily functions they are much better than drugs. They supply bulk and aid intestinal digestion.

THE PLEASANT SIDE OF MEATLESS DAYS

In using up left-overs many delightful combinations are discovered. The careful cook revels in tasty stews, crusty pies, delicious pilau, and odds and ends cooked *en casserole*. The meatless days required by the government need not be hardships.

The movement for meat conservation has been given a great impetus by the self-sacrificing way in which the situation has been met in Europe. We would be ashamed not to aid our associates in the war. We cannot ask them to use new methods of cooking now, when they are struggling so close to the battle line, when privations and toil and sorrows have weighed on them so heavily. We do not want them to go hungry, and so the real work of substitution must be done in this country. It is being done, for among intelligent and conscientious women the movement is gaining tremendous headway.

This matter of food conservation is primarily a problem of the home, a woman's job. And the dire need is not over-estimated. Our associates in the war have been obliged to slaughter huge numbers—thirty-three million food animals, because they could not feed them. These figures are several months old; they are greater now. Holland, a cattle country, is following suit for the same reason. Even if there were enough men to care for the stock and raise food for it, the fertilizer has to be imported, and cargoes and cargoes of it lie on the bottom of the ocean, the toll of the German submarine. In this country conditions are abnormal. For many years our meat production has been decreasing. The large cattle ranges have been cut up into small farms. Dissatisfaction as to transportation facilities and other causes have driven many men out of the business of producing.

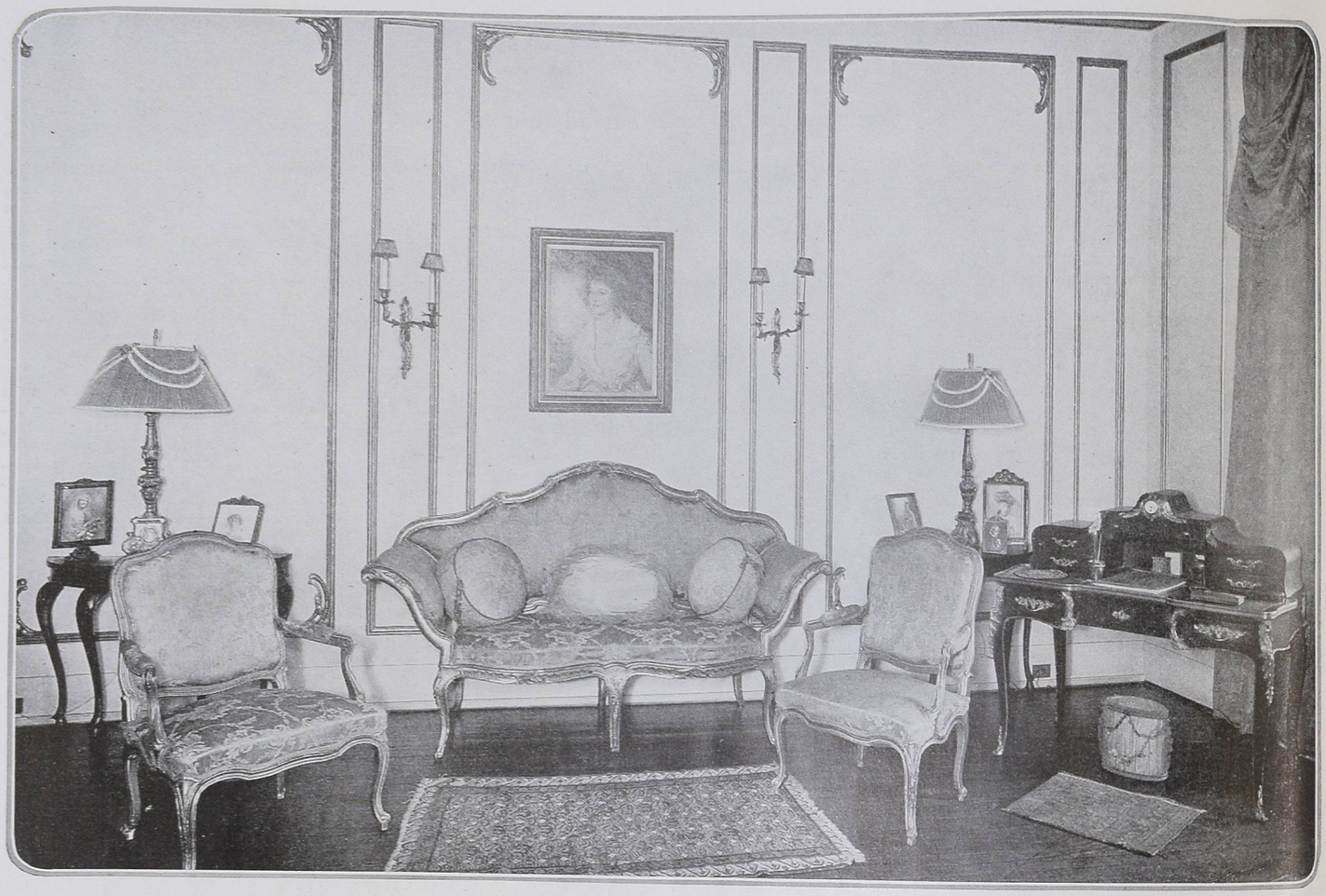
THE NEED OF SAVING

If we do not save now, voluntarily, we shall be forced to do so later, and the measures which will have to be adopted will be much more drastic than any suggested at present. The fuel situation furnishes a specific instance of what happens when a situation is not met squarely at the outset. It is predicted that if by unrestrained indulgence we bring about a real meat famine in this country, many of our dairy

(*Continued on page 69*)

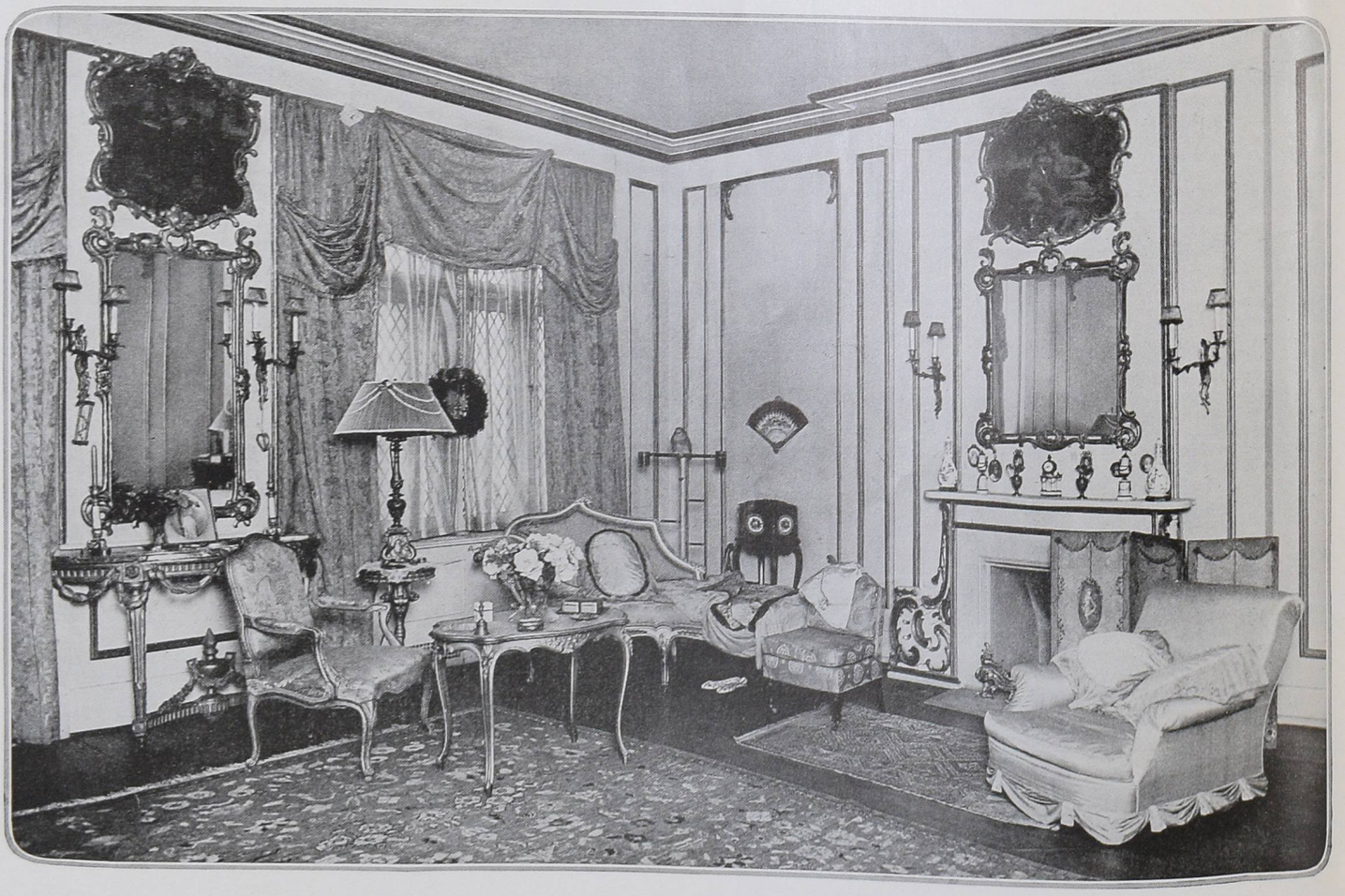
Photographs from the M. E. Hewitt Studio

This garden set of Nové ware is so beautiful in design and in rich old-ivory colouring that it compensates for a lack of flowers; from J. C. Demarest and Company



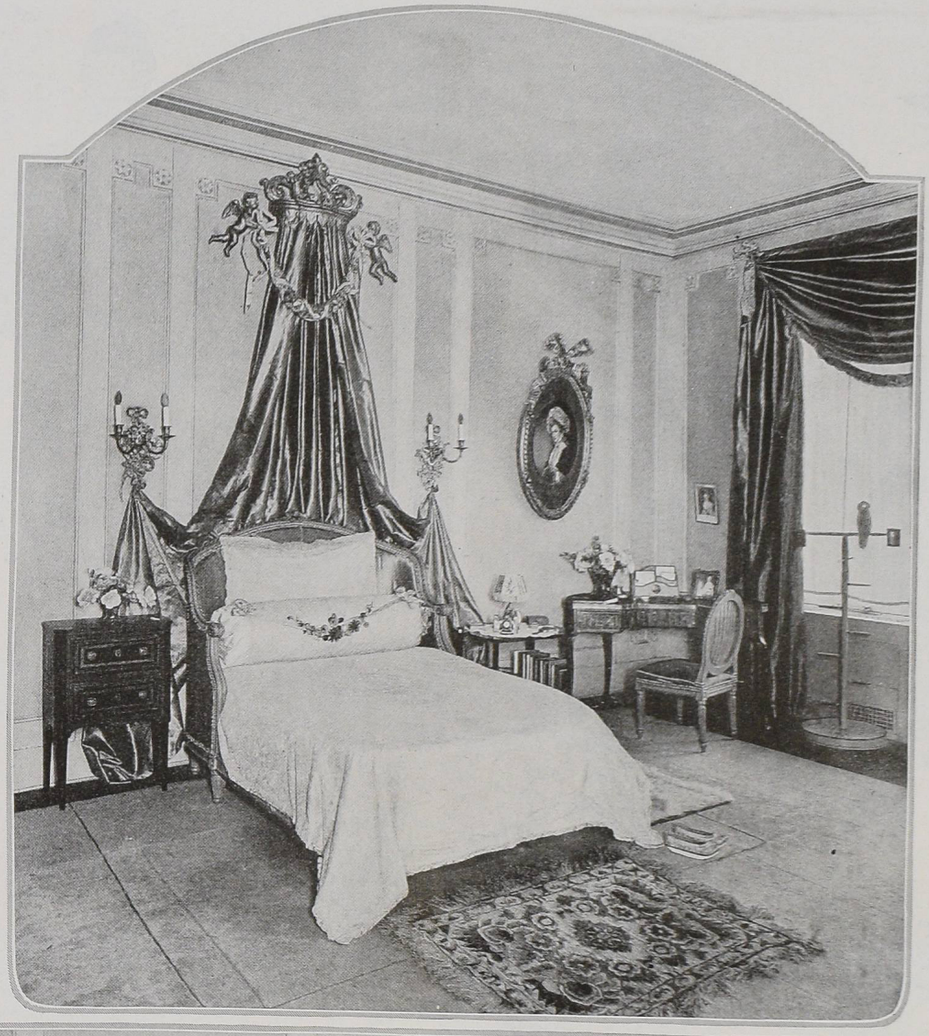
A Louis XV settee, from the collection of the late Stanford White, serves as the nucleus for the delightful boudoir. The panelling, which is old, is ivory and gold; blue brocade is used for the hangings and on the furniture, and there are touches of rose in the lamp shades and cushions

The intimate charm which the French alone seem able to combine with a certain formality of grouping, pervades this charming boudoir. There are many delightful bibelots about, and a solemn parrot sits on a gaily coloured stand, gravely surveying the room and all who enter it



TWO ROOMS WHICH GIVE A GLIMPSE OF THE CHARM OF THE NEW YORK HOME OF MR. AND MRS. JAMES BROWN

THE DECORATIONS OF THE BEDROOM, EXECUTED BY MRS. EMOTT BUEL, SUGGEST THE DAYS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE



The simple grey panelled walls make a pleasant background for the brilliant rose Louis XVI bed-canopy which, true to the period, has its accompanying gilt cupids and garlands of roses caught up with blue bow-knots. There are bits of lovely old "boiserie" which add a touch of charm and distinction

(Below) The inspiration for this bedroom was the Louis XVI armchair at the right, which is very like the "bergère" in Marie Antoinette's bedroom at the Petit Trianon. The chair and the rest of the furniture are painted an exquisite peacock blue and covered with a rose tafeta with a silvery sheen

M. E. Hewitt Studio

If one is not a tailored sort of person, one welcomes this frilly French voile blouse and its voile skirt; blouse; $6; skirt; $9.75; hat; $20

Wooden bead embroidery is one of the forms of trimming inexpensively done with an effect of expensive simplicity; Georgette crêpe dress; $42.50

Voile and a becoming double collar of white organdie have combined to make a blouse that is particularly suited to a tailored costume; $5.95

S E E N *in the* S H O P S

A serge frock that looks like an Eton suit with a blouse is a desirable bit of camouflage; $29.50. Hat; $15

This blue taffeta frock especially suits the matronly figure. The silk is excellent quality; $19.75. Hat; $21

SPRING sees the birth and death of many fads and fancies in the realm of clothes, and it is usually well on in the season before the woman of limited income feels that the mode is sufficiently assured to warrant the buying of a spring wardrobe. But this season the whims of fashion have been forced to submit far earlier to the dictates of common sense—common sense inspired by patriotism in the matter of fabric conservation and then carried on into other fields.

Suits and frocks of woollen materials are narrow of skirt and tight of sleeve, but with no unpleasant suggestion of scantiness; while gowns of other and softer fabrics are in many instances draped and even draped again with no suggestion of being voluminous. The wool manufacturers are giving most of their attention to government work and consequently have not brought out many new fabrics. The favourites of last spring—gabardine, tricotine, wool jersey, and serge—are still good, therefore.

THE VARIED USES OF WOOL JERSEY

Wool jersey lends itself admirably to practical uses; it is especially adapted for sports wear, and many of the best dressmakers make delightful morning frocks of it. The sketch at the lower right of page 61 shows a suit of this fabric, which may be worn in town as well as in the country. The skirt is narrow and straight. The coat has graceful lines and is particularly becoming to the slender figure, for instead of buttoning straight up and down in the manner of most suits, it crosses in the front and ties in the back. Another attractive feature of wool jersey is the range of colours in which it may usually be obtained,—the suit illustrated comes in beige, grey, apple green, Copenhagen blue, and white. The hat sketched with this suit is of dark brown chrysanthemum braid with a facing of beige taffeta. Small tan and brown quills are placed around the narrow brim, giving it an attractively piquant outline.

A USEFUL FROCK OF JERSEY

Wool jersey also fashions the frock sketched at the left at the top on page 61. It uses a very simple straight slip with tight sleeves and long apron panels back and front. Wool embroidery forms the deep border of the front panel and also outlines the round neck, and a very narrow belt goes around the figure, crossing to tie in the back. The dress may be had in either blue or beige, with wool embroidery in self-colour. Brown satin forms the crown of the hat sketched with this frock, and moufflon straw is used for the brim, which is very narrow at the back but flares high away from the face in the front. This effect is further heightened by the use of small tips of burnt goose across the top. The veil is of fine hexagonal mesh with chenille dots and is priced at $1.

Sketched on this page at the lower left is a frock of men's wear serge; in this year of short jackets, it has the interesting air of being a suit. Three rows of narrow Hercules braid outline the edge of the tunic and the blouse; the cuffs and vest are of cream batiste with three ruffles of Valenciennes lace. Although exceptionally attractive in navy blue, this dress is also to be had in black. Red

pheasant feathers are the sole ornament of the black satin and straw hat which is sketched with this suit.

A very unusual value is shown in the frock sketched at the right, at the bottom of page 60. It is of blue taffeta, and while its lines are suitable for a young and slender woman, the frock is especially becoming to a more substantial figure. The side panels of the tunic are knife pleated, and white taffeta is used for the collar and cuffs. The colours of this frock are navy blue, taupe, plum, and black. The attractive hat shown with this frock has a sharply turned-down brim of purple liséré straw. There is a high crown of purple taffeta and on it a wing of the same colour.

SIMPLE SLENDER LINES

The perfect simplicity of the crêpe de Chine frock sketched at the upper right of this page is perhaps its chief charm. The use of knife pleats throughout the entire length accentuates the slender silhouette, which the softly draped girdle leaves unbroken. The little guimpe is of tucked organdie. Guimpes of this type, it may be noted, are usually found only on expensive frocks. The colours in which this frock comes are well adapted for spring wear; it may be had in pearl grey, bisque, white, or flesh, as well as in navy blue. Nile green moufflon straw is used in the hat shown with this frock; the facing is of black satin, and a narrow black satin ribbon runs under the spray of flowers around the crown. These flowers are likewise made of moufflon straw.

Sketched in the upper middle on page 60 is a frock of French grey Georgette crêpe with a china silk slip and heavily embroidered in white and yellow wooden beads. The wide sleeves are caught in at the cuff with white beaded ball buttons, and a wide sash ties loosely around the hips. The soft colour scheme and the sheer texture of this frock make it especially suitable for the many informal functions which are now the order of the day. It is equally lovely in cocoa brown, Poiret blue, orchid, or taupe.

The many variations of the sleeveless wool sweater were used so extensively last summer that one might wonder how one will ever do without them. For this summer it is to be hoped—one almost says expected—that no truly patriotic woman will wear wool sweaters except for actual warmth. To take their place as accessories and to supply effectiveness in colour schemes, many interesting and unusual ideas have been developed in the popular silk materials.

The jacket shown in the lower middle of this page is of black baronet satin lined in white satin. Under it is worn a simple hand-made blouse of batiste with fine lines of drawn-work on either side of the front and outlining the cuffs and the well-shaped collar. This blouse is priced at $6.75. The straight skirt is of cream coloured satin with its fulness gathered under a soft wide satin girdle. This girdle fastens on either side with pearl buttons, which also finish the flaps of the two pockets. The cost of this skirt is $12.75. The brim of the rather large hat is of interlaced strips of blue leghorn, bound in taffeta and fastened to the outer edge of the brim with small pearl buttons. The crown is of the leghorn with a narrow band and bow of taffeta.

The blouse sketched on page 60 at the upper right may be had in either white or flesh coloured voile with double collar and cuffs of white organdie. The collar is cut so that it stands away from the neck in a most becoming manner, and it is particularly good to wear with a tailored suit, on account of its plainness.

THE QUESTION OF BLOUSES

The Georgette crêpe blouse, sketched at the lower left on this page, is especially designed to wear with the more formal type of suit. The soft band of net which outlines the surplice neck-line and forms the cuffs is heavily embroidered with white soutache braid in a scroll pattern. This well-made blouse may be obtained in either white or flesh colour.

Despite the prevalence of straight lines and of rather severe tailoring, the more feminine frills are not entirely cast aside. The many women to whom this style is more becoming are still faithful to them, and to these the costume sketched on page 60, at the upper left, will be of particular interest. The blouse is of French voile trimmed with wide Valenciennes lace; the collar folds softly at the neck and is attached to the large frills, which are so cut and tucked that they fall in the soft lines of a bib, rather than in the ruffles more commonly seen. The sheer white voile skirt has the fulness which its material necessitates, with many hemstitched rows of tucks to add stability to the otherwise diaphanous outline. A long strip of the voile forms the soft girdle. In the hat shown in this sketch, white wool stitching fastens the blue straw of the facing to the blue and white checked voile of the upper brim and crown, as an accent to the contrast.

For these early spring days when a heavy dress and a fur are the desirable street costume, this frock of wool jersey embroidered in wool would be very welcome; $29.50. Hat; $17

That touch of hand-work that gives a dress an air, but is seldom found on any but expensive models, is given here in a dainty guimpe; dress of crêpe de Chine; $22.50. Hat; $16

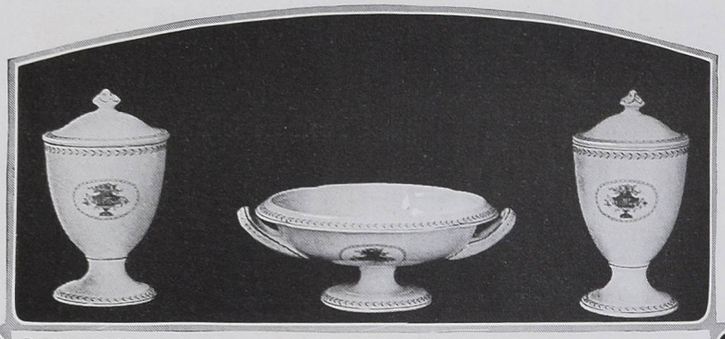
For that unusually dainty blouse that every wardrobe demands, this one in Georgette crêpe delicately embroidered in silk soutache would be just right; $10

While the wool sweaters go to the soldiers, a sleeveless affair of black and white satin is a pleasant substitute; $23.50. Hat of leghorn; $16

Practical wool jersey is making many of our spring suits. This one, with its becoming sash, particularly suits the slender figure; $29.50. Hat; $16.50

CHINA TO COMPENSATE FOR WAR-TIME DEPRIVATIONS ON THE MENU

AMONG OTHER SIGNS OF SPRING, ARE THE SALES OF GLASSWARE AND CHINA



Bradley and Merrill

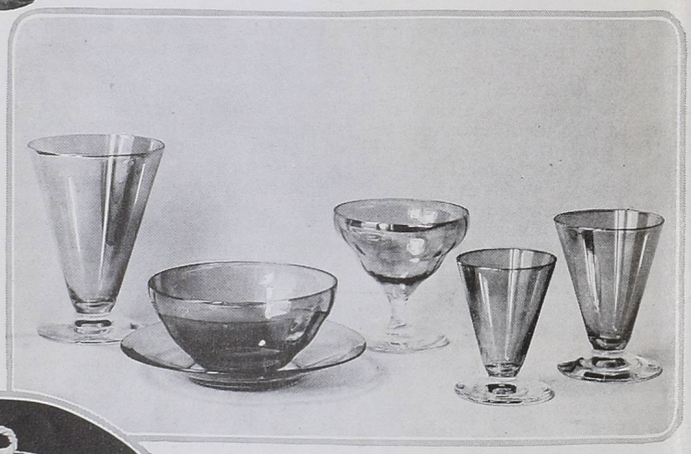
Very quaint is this Wedgwood porcelain dinner set with an aquatic scene and little clusters of flowers. The breakfast plates, illustrated above, are $12.50 a dozen, and the teacups and saucers, $15

"Old Spode" made china as long ago as 1770, but his designs are still reappearing as in this pair of Copeland jars with a basket panel in colours (7 inches high, $12 a pair) and this Copeland compote; price, $7.50

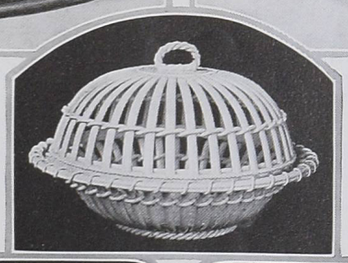
Just right for daffodils or other springtime flowers, is this Cobalt blue glass vase which also comes in a soft shade of green; 10½ inches high; $2.50

Of English earthenware is this dinner set which comes in open stock. Breakfast plates, $5.50 a dozen; teacups and saucers, $6; dinner plates, $6; tea plates, $5; and bread and butter plates, $4.50

Scotch thistles make the appropriate and decorative design on this etched glass high-ball set which consists of 6 high-ball glasses, 6 whiskey glasses, and 2 pinch bottles, one of which is shown; $9. A large mahogany tray is priced $5



These footed glasses are unusual in shape and are made of a lustrous amber optic ware. The tumblers are $5.60 a dozen; finger-bowls, $7.20; finger-bowl plates, $9.10; sherbet glasses, $4.75; wine-glasses, $3.75; whiskey glasses, $3.25



It's not a bird cage; it's an ivory coloured orange bowl and cover of Wedgwood ware

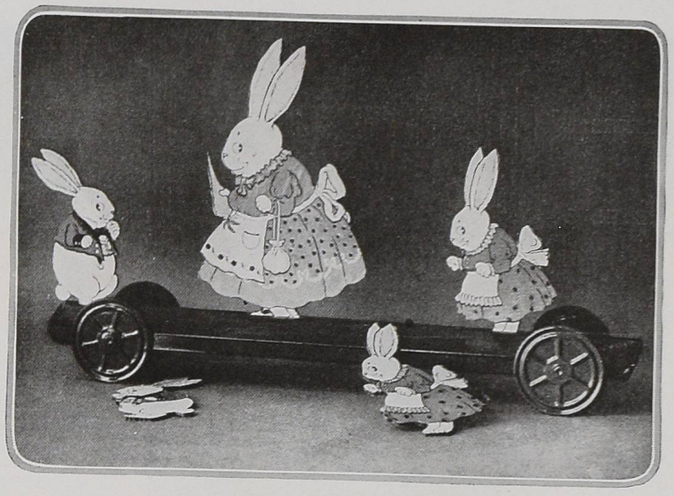
Cake and cookies, too, may be served in this bowl which is 10½ inches in diameter; $12

This dainty tea set was fortunate in reaching us safely, for it was made at Limoges, in France, where the factories are keeping open to help the workers. The set has 6 plates and 6 cups and saucers and is decorated with an old French design and handles of mat gold; $21.25 complete

Nothing could be more appetizing than a dainty breakfast served in bed from this set of Wedgwood ware with its green oak-leaf design as illustrated above; without the tray, it is priced at $10.50

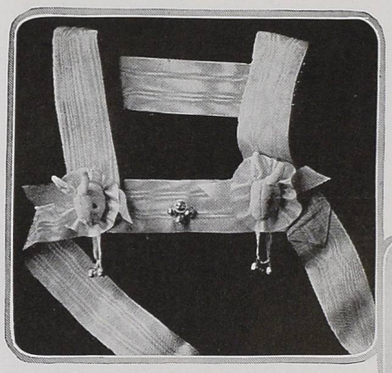
This after-dinner coffee cup and saucer has an Oriental design in bright colours and all gold handles; $19.20 a dozen

This fur-tailed bunny doll gives Easter greeting with a rubber head that squeaks and a rattle under his red jacket. His blue trousers tuck into white kid boots; 11 inches high; $1.75

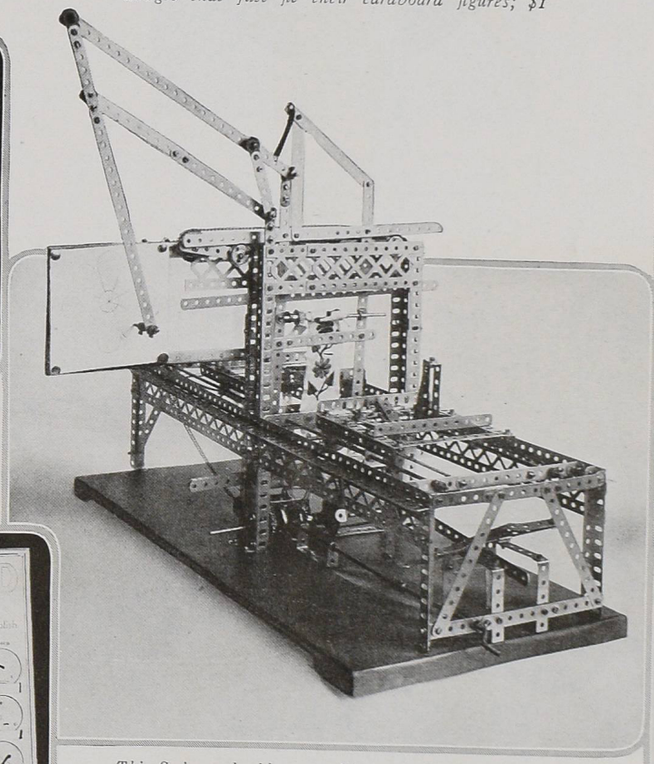


Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rabbit and their four children go to ride in a green tin cart, which provides little wedges that just fit their cardboard figures; $1

Aided by the little figure on top, here is one chick that has broken his shell. The toy is of wood, gayly painted, and the emerging head nods as the toy rocks; 11 inches high, $1



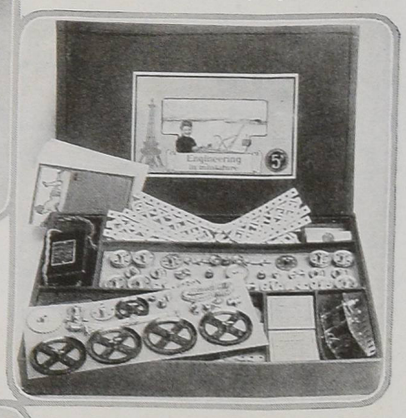
An Easter touch is added to this carriage strap or reins in the form of white velvet bunny heads. Tiny bells trim the wide ribbon of watered grosgrain; pink, blue, or white; $3



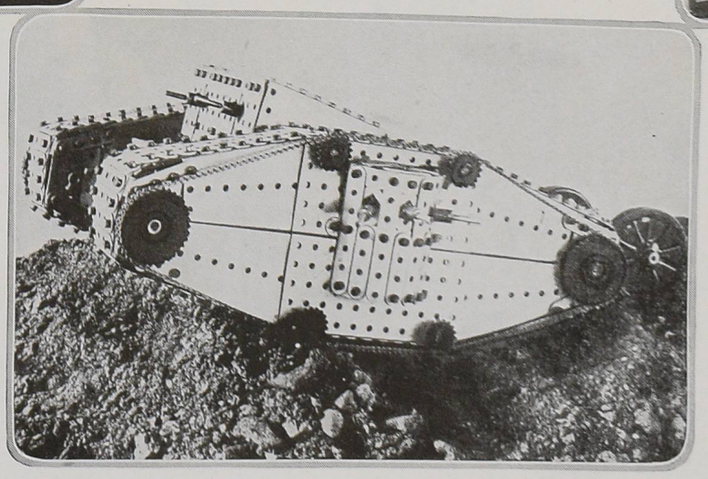
This Swiss embroidery machine and the tank shown below may (with a few additional pieces) be constructed from the box of parts shown at the right. The outfit has all the latest additions, including a powerful electric motor, with starting, stopping, and reversing lever, and a transformer, so that the model may be safely run by a house current; $25

A white Canton flannel rabbit with pink ears and a tiny fur tail makes a hot water bottle and cover with a capacity of one pint; inflated with air, it becomes a toy; price, $2.50

A Bluebird aeroplane, guaranteed to make 200 feet a flight, will please the young flying corps aspirant. It is assembled and packed in a strong box and very compactly made; it is also easy to construct; $1.50



From this box of metal strips, bolts, and screws may be constructed a great variety of educational toys. A book of instructions shows how to build many objects, two examples of which are shown to the left



THE EASTER BUNNY COMES AGAIN IN MANY NOVEL FORMS

IT IS THE PLEASURE OF THE WAR TOY TO INTEREST AND INSTRUCT

The YOUNGER GENERATION

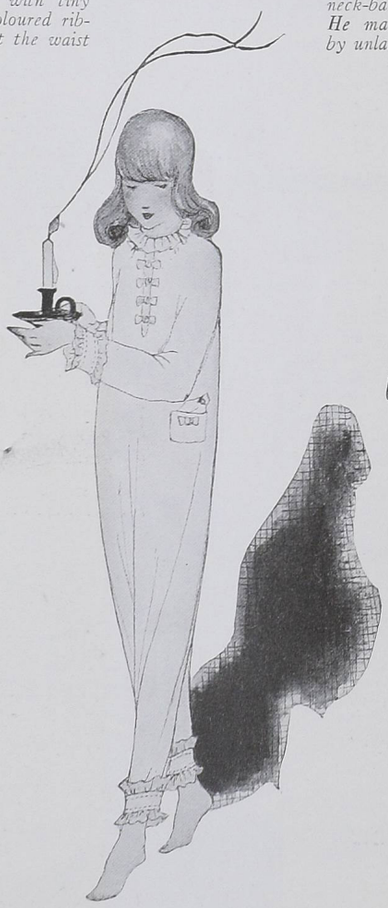
It's all very well for grown-ups to fuss about their lingerie, but at four or even eight, one prefers to be buttoned quickly into a combination of white nainsook with dainty ribbons and embroidered eyelets and scallops

Mother's frilliest Frenchiest nighties don't make one the least bit envious when one owns a dainty nightgown of flesh coloured dimity with tiny dimity ruffles and flesh coloured ribbon to hold the fulness at the waist

Swimming and crabbing are more fun than ever for the boy with a bathing suit of blue wool jersey with a jersey neck-band and a white leather belt. He makes his entrances and exits by unlacing the cords of one shoulder

Both Mother Hubbard and Annette Kellermann influenced this bathing-suit of navy blue wool jersey and red wool pipings. Annette Kellermann is responsible for the under suit, and Mother Hubbard came out on top

At that tragic age when one feels grown-up, but when misunderstanding parents dress one like a mere child, a kimono of flesh coloured silk crêpe with narrow bands of white marabou, is truly balm to one's feelings



At fifteen or seventeen one is, of course, too old for those childish garments which have always clothed one's sleeping hours, and one welcomes pajamas of fine white dimity with little pale blue ruffles and bows

If they refuse to give one the filmy soul-satisfying lingerie one longs for, at least they may compromise with a combination of white batiste trimmed with fine linen lace and silk ribbon draw-string and bows, like this one

MAKERS of MUSIC

(Continued from page 55)

Welcome experiments have recently been made in the various concert halls of New York in the interest of concert goers, and a record of them is in order.

But first a brief review of one of the novelties presented by the Metropolitan Opera—Florence Easton's appearance in "Lodoletta."

Florence Easton inherited the rôle of Lodoletta, it would seem, from Farrar. Although a newcomer at the Metropolitan, she has for some years been one of the most highly regarded of dramatic sopranos in Europe. This fact, however, affected her career here but little. Americans like to pretend to a severe critical taste, which accepts nothing without proof, and in large measure they are justified. Steadily and quite without trumpets, Miss Easton has impressed herself upon her New York public as an artist of extraordinary endowments, of sound musicianship, agile intelligence, and lively dramatic instinct. The position which she occupies on the American operatic stage, like that of most distinguished singers, is the result of hard work. Few, indeed, spring like Melba into full blossoming of their powers after a few months of instruction.

Though she was born in England, Miss Easton spent much of her childhood on this side of the water. She received her musical education chiefly in England, where she spent many a summer touring the provinces and singing opera in English. On the continent she sang most of the heavy Wagnerian rôles and even those most ponderous of parts, the Salomé and Electra of Strauss. In America, some years ago, she sang in Henry W. Savage's company, and she was one of the best-liked singers in the Chicago Company last season.

This apprenticeship and this achievement have matured her powers. In the part of Saint Elizabeth, which she "created" at the Metropolitan this season, she surprised her hearers by the purity and firmness of her voice, the dignity of her impersonation, and especially by the clearness of her English enunciation. Suddenly called upon to fill Geraldine Farrar's dainty part in "Lodoletta," she made it her own, not by changing in any noticeable element the original conception, but by throwing herself into it with a fresh vitality which established the illusion. Not for a moment was she an "understudy." At another time her achievement would have caused wide comment. But in a month dominated by the magic name of Galli-Curci, it served only as evidence that Miss Easton possesses powers and talents which her New York hearers have not yet suspected. Among the women of the Metropolitan company she is, in the best sense of the word, the most versatile.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF CONCERT HALLS

When such distinguished singers as Geraldine Farrar and Florence Easton go from the opera stage to that of the concert hall, and they find themselves robbed of nearly all the familiar aids to artistic illusion, they encounter a bleak atmosphere which may well discourage them. Few would pretend that the stage of Aeolian or of Carnegie Hall, or that of the Princess Theatre, is beautiful to look at. No one who has ever heard a recital will deny that his eye has often been invited to wander from the singer to the clumsy decorations which line the balcony, or that a thousand petty details have caught his errant glance during the concert. It is inevitable. Light clamours for attention. The eye has claims of its own which defy those of the intelligence. Where light is confined to a single spot the fascinated eye can only with a powerful effort of the will tear itself away from the miracle, as is demonstrated by the phenomenon of hypnotism. But where light is shed equally everywhere, the invitation to look everywhere is mandatory. By the fiat of light all things in the hall are proclaimed of equal importance. Is the eye, then, to be censured for seeking to observe all things with equal regard?

Mishikin

Hulda Lashanska was heard some time ago as soloist with the Symphony Society of New York. She has a fine soprano voice, and is a pupil of Sembrich, who, with Melba and other prominent musicians, was in the large audience when Lashanska played at her first recital here

AT THE GREENWICH VILLAGE THEATRE

Convention holds its sway so rigidly in the concert hall that it has been left for an out-of-the-way theatre to make the much needed radical experiment in this matter. The Greenwich Village Theatre is fired by the ambition to do things that are new, and it also has at its command the taste and the artistic knowledge which enable it to do them well. And since its acoustics made it an admirable spot for intimate Sunday concerts, the experiment of a special concert setting was in order. As it happens, John Wenger, who is the chief scene designer of the theatre, has long been planning and speculating to this very end. For music recitals he has arranged a background of heavy tawny curtains combined with green. The black piano makes a striking silhouette against this background, even when, as at Ralph Lawton's programme of modern music some weeks ago, it is for the most part hidden. The lights in the auditorium are turned low or extinguished. Only the auditor who has come fresh from an Aeolian Hall recital can feel to the full the mental relief which this arrangement affords. For as the surrounding lights diminish, and the curtain rises to disclose the soft colour picture of the stage, a sense of repose comes over the listener's soul. The old conflict of the senses,—eye against ear—is banished. The attention is no longer bidden to exert itself in two directions. The thousand little sensuous stimuli which attack the organism in daily life are removed, and the listener is left in a state of pleasant repose to perceive whatever beauties the artist may have it in his power to transmit.

Maurice Goldberg

The brilliant impression made by Guiomar Novaes, the young Brazilian pianist, early in the winter, has been confirmed by all her subsequent appearances

A similar sensation is experienced when the admirable ensemble of *Instruments Anciens* play at the *Théâtre du Vieux Colombier*. Here there is no special "concert set," but Copeau has been able to devise, out of his stock equipment of scenery, a background which is sufficiently abstract and restful to the eye to induce the same mood of receptiveness. The auditorium, which is always lighted by the indirect method, is partially darkened. The apparent nearness of every seat to the stage (a miracle wrought by Copeau's French architect) further increases the hearer's absorption in the music. Doubtless if the wishes of the audience were consulted, a large proportion of the recitals which are now given in the recognized concert halls would be transferred to one of these two theatres.

There is, too, a certain pleasure to be found in recitals which are given in the smaller theatres, such as the Princess and Punch and Judy, which is not to be met with in the concert halls. Mme. Namara recently added a charming touch to her recital in the Princess by the old-fashioned costume which she wore while singing her eighteenth-century folk songs. But the pleasure which her recital gave was marred by the fact that she was not wholly able to control her beautiful voice in all the nuances which *Lieder* demand. The eye, too, was pained by the ugly stock setting which formed the background to her picturesque dress.

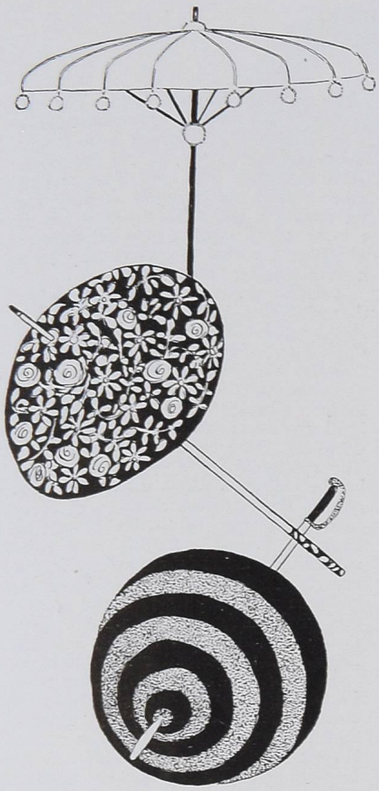
A BRILLIANT PIANO RECITAL

But after a few of these partial experiments in intimate recitals one must return perforce to the gaudily lighted concert halls to hear the great and the small of the musical world. To none of the now established artists does one listen with more lively pleasure than to Guiomar Novaes. This artist has this year confirmed the impression which she made last season as one of the most expert and most richly talented pianists whom recent seasons have brought to the attention of Americans. The foundation of her art is a rare concern for the essential limitations of the piano. Within these limitations which she so well understands she can evoke the most delicate shades of tone and of phrasing. In the more poetic pieces of Chopin she is well nigh the equal in taste and finish of the great pianists such as Hofmann and de Pachmann. And when she plays a Beethoven piano concerto as soloist at one of the Philharmonic concerts in vast Carnegie Hall, she can suggest, still without transcending the moderate limits which she has set herself, all the majesty and splendour of the old master which another performer would seek to transmit by means of sheer tonal strength. It is one of the pleasantest of studies to note how this musician includes almost the whole range of expression within her self-appointed limits.

ALMA GLUCK'S CONCERT

Alma Gluck, who has long been a favourite in opera, has of late refined her art of *Lieder* singing to a notable degree, as was shown in her recent recital in Carnegie Hall. At the same time, apparently, her upper register has partially passed from under her control and is now a most unreliable instrument of expression. Adept in the art of modulating her tones to their interpretive function,

(Continued on page 67)



PARASOLS, *too,* OPEN *to the* SUN

IN Pekin, some two thousand years ago, an ingenious woman invented the parasol—to the astonishment of her husband, who, being a mere carpenter, could only construct immovable shelters which were quite out of the question for carrying about. Since then, big or little, dull or sparkling with jewels, light, transparent, and of the most delicate materials, the parasol has always appeared in the history of happy people, and its story would be gay and amusing to relate. But that is for another day.

The parasol of to-day has undergone a new transformation, and it should be amusing, too, in spite of events,—and so it is. It may be made of velvet and wooden beads, of heavy silk embroidered with needlework, or of jersey trimmed with pompons. It may be round, pointed, square, or even suggestive of the cubists. In fact, one may have it as one will, only it must resemble no other parasol and, above all, no parasol of last year. If one wishes to revive the tiny parasol of the Empress Eugénie, that, too, is permissible, but then one should carry one that is really old, a little faded, and with a pale fringe. With an all-white frock the effect will be exquisite. Indeed, one may even carry a parasol of fur—goodness, yes, perfectly well. It is quite charming when made of broadtail with an ermine border. Or a dainty parasol with a little fur here and there is another possibility.

If one has a parasol, one is certain of having something else — success. After all, that is what one wants, is it not?

Sunshades of white or yellow silk with little wooden beads of whatever colour one desires, are as whimsical and charming as a sunshade ought to be

(Left) The top parasol is gay green silk with fluffy woollen pompons and a red lacquer handle, the next is black velvet embroidered in white wool, and the last is an ingenious affair of bands of black satin and silver-beaded bands of tulle

PALM BEACH BALANCES ITS WORK

(*Continued from page 40*)

new bands and bindings for the edges. These hats are feather-light and have the added merit of being cool.

It is agreed that the smartest hats which are being worn at Palm Beach are the wide-brimmed sailors in black, navy blue, purple, or even white, with plain or polka-dotted scarfs or simple ribbon bands. The harem veils are draped from the back where they are caught at the top of the crown or the edge of the brim. One often sees a French shadow veil worn with these harem veils to keep the little curls and tendrils of hair in place on the windy beach. A stunning manikin appeared in one of the new wool skirts in pronounced black and white checks, wearing with it, over her sheer filet-trimmed blouse, a sweater of apricot coloured Shetland wool and an apricot chiffon veil draped over the sailor hat of black straw. Hats of Japanese or coarse braids in straw are most liked, although some in finer smoother straw are also seen.

SHADE HATS OF GEORGETTE CRÊPE

There are also many hats of Georgette crêpe with transparent brims, some of them faced with contrasting colours and others with the same tone. Wreaths of flowers trim some of these, and bands and ornaments made from the same material are used on others, but the effect of all of them is light and universally becoming. Peanut straw in the finer weaves is also popular and has been dyed all sorts of lovely shades. Some hats of turquoise blue peanut straw are faced with beige, and others in navy blue are faced with white. Various shades of grey are also seen and are most attractive.

The majority of sweaters are sleeveless this season, and the silken ones appear in all sorts of wonderful weaves with sashes to match. The Shetland sweaters in chiffon weave, fine and sheer enough to draw through a wedding-ring, are the most popular of all as they are better suited to a tropical climate. Some of these Shetland sweaters are sleeveless, but the most attractive ones have sleeves. Flesh colour, pale blue, lavender, and white are seen in large numbers, but black and navy blue are particularly smart. Worn with the sailor hats and severely plain skirts, these Shetland wool sweaters have a chic which silk ones never seemed to acquire. Many among the older women are wearing the new sweaters in Eton style, rather tightly fitted and with long wide sashes which start at the surplice fold and tie either back or front.

Probably the most unusual thing shown in Palm Beach this season is the straw sweater. It is made of openwork straw braid with a scarf to match, and it is far softer than one would imagine and very attractive. Some of the young women are wearing sports coats and Norfolk jackets in crêpe meteor as a change from the eternal sweater. The latest thing in beach capes is in English waterproof silk, fitting snugly over the shoulders and cut on generous circular lines. These come in colours to match the trimming of the new jersey silk bathing-suits which consist of trousers and a long closely fitting jersey, which is usually of navy blue or black with a band of brilliant colour on the edge of what should be the skirt.

Every Palm Beach season introduces its own colour, and this season has introduced that peculiar blue which is turquoise in some lights, robin's egg blue in others, and almost jade green under artificial light. Hats to match or white hats trimmed with turquoise are usually worn with sweaters of this colour. Scarfs, too, are very popular, and from the blue and white striped ones of jersey silk, of which the shops cannot seem to get enough to supply the demand, to the new Shetland scarfs of white with rainbow coloured ends, there is a wide variety. Mrs. Charles B. Dillingham wears one of these Shetland scarfs; with a black hat, a black and white checked skirt, and a Shetland sweater of white with a black collar, this scarf gives a striking note of colour.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, who came to Palm Beach earlier than usual this season, appeared on the beach one morning in a skirt of white crêpe de Chine with broad tucks running around it and a tailored blouse, also of white crêpe de Chine, with many tiny tucks as its sole trimming. With this Mrs. Oelrichs wore a hat of American Beauty red Georgette crêpe with transparent brim and a row of tiny curled ostrich tips in the same colour around the crown. This hat was a Georgette sailor shape and was worn tilted saucily over one ear. So youthful did it make Mrs. Oelrichs appear that one could hardly believe that she is the mother of a stalwart officer.

Separate skirts of sports silk, princess or baronet satin, or sports satin, whichever one elects to call it, are in favour this year, and their simplicity is pleasing after the many rather exaggerated models of last year. Some of the white sports satin skirts have embroidered medallions in white woven upon them; others have checks or stripes. One worn by Mrs. Oelrichs has a belt and pockets with rows upon rows of machine stitching, while another model has a belt and pockets of folds of the satin in basket weave. Some of the sports satin skirts in two tones which give a changeable effect, are quite charming; one of grey and green acquires a contrasting note simply by turning the reverse side over on the right side in a narrow hem; the pockets are outlined in the same manner. Another skirt is of turquoise blue and silver, and still another of grey and rose. The blue one has unusual pockets directly in front, pockets large enough to hold a pair of socks and a ball of yarn. The inspiration for this skirt is said to have been one of the gingham aprons which laundresses wear and in which they carry clothes-pins.

Jersey sports frocks are always with us, and a very new Chanel model was purchased by Mrs. Cyril Hatch, whom it especially suited. It was in beige, with the new severely straight line. Beige wool formed the narrow herring-bone knitted belt which was trimmed with any number of small, amusing, round buttons or balls, made from the wool as one used to make tassels, by tying a number of strips of wool in the middle securely, then clipping the ends to form symmetrical round balls. These were sewed on the belt at intervals and also formed the three buttons fastening the side front.

TWO NEW WRAPS

Chanel also sent over two smart wraps, one a cape with the yoke formed of tan coloured Angora, for all the world like a Jaeger sports scarf, and the bottom of navy blue wool velours lined with tan chiffon. This cape was warm and was one of the smartest things seen this year. The other was a velours coat with a yoke of knitted wool that ended in a long wide scarf to be wound about the neck and draped over the shoulders in the fashion of the old-time "fascinators." This was in seal brown velours, and the scarf was of brown and tan, machine-knitted.

One of the smartest sports frocks this season is worn by the lovely Mrs. Charles Band of Toronto. Mrs. Band, who spent last summer at Hill Top Inn, at Newport, has been wearing some charming French clothes, but it is this white silk serge, embroidered in Joffre blue with the lower part of the skirt of white knitted wool, which has won the heart of every woman in Palm Beach. The sweater to match is of the Joffre blue, hand knitted, with cuffs, collar, and scarf of white Angora.

THE STAGE WOMAN'S WAR RELIEF

(*Continued from page 51*)

all alone. May the good work that you have started go on forever.

Sergeant————.

My Dear Madames:

I am dropping you these few lines to let you know that I am a theatrical worker and have done most everything back of the scenes. I never got a card altho I worked at the Court Theatre in Wheeling for about three years and all I have at home is a Mother and Sister and all she makes is very little working in a factory and the way times are now I know they are having a hard time of it. I can't send them much but I send them fifteen dollars a month and I got a Liberty Bomb (the original spelling—Editor) and have taken out $10,000 insurance it cost me $6.75 a month and that leaves me without a thing but I am proud to say my Mother needs it. We have it pretty tough here the weather is so bad but we are going to give the good old U. S. A. the right to go wherever she wants to and nobody like the Kaiser is going to hold us back. There's over a foot of snow on the ground but the boys all go on drilling and singing and that is the kind of an army that will bring peace forever. I am writing you this letter in my spare moments and I hope you will consider it over for we expect to leave here soon for service abroad. I think how my people are getting along back home. For myself, I have almost everything I need but I know they don't have what they need.

Well dear friends I will have to close for this time hoping to hear from you soon I remain your friend

Private————.

We are here for Freedom.

Dear Folks:

When I went into the Mess hall for dinner today I saw your most conspicuous poster and so here I am going to impose on you to keep me out of the lonesomeness. Fortunately, I don't need any help but I sure get lonesome at times, and would sure appreciate a line once in a while.

Am not inclined dramatically but "souped" once in a while, when they couldn't get anyone else. My "profession" was usher. The director used to tell me if I worked at it long enough and my hair wasn't too gray, he might put me on. Some encouragement. The army isn't half as bad as some people might imagine. The hardest thing I had to get used to was the early rising and sometimes I ain't used to it yet.

I'm the "official noisepiper." But it doesn't take any brains as you probably imagine by my letter. It too has its trials and tribularys. In the morning at "5.45" I wake "em up" with first call, and get a good cussin from the half-awake boys. The cook arouses me, so he gets said cussin. I have to take my spite out on someone and he is much small than I so I take advantage of the fact. Then ten minutes later "5.45" I let another outburst go, which catches the stragglers. Well anyway after that we have roll call to see that none are lost or strayed. We then take on some morning nourishment. After the feed we have physical torture. Then comes the painful riding. It doesn't seem possible, but it isn't near as painful as it was when we first started. They don't give us saddles and some of the beasts aren't overly fat and there is an awful treacherous bone projecting from their backs.

Well after the riding those that didn't weaken go on a signal expedition. We signal with flags and lights at night, telegraphy and telephone. Very interesting if you can learn it.

After that we all feel the want for more nourishment, and at twelve I perform my duty by another outburts entitled "Soupy Soupy" or mess call. After mess we have a lecture on modern warfare. Some of the boys are helped by them, but the majority are sympathizing amongst themselves about how hard the seats are, and the way riding affects them. Then comes the last spazm (the original spelling—Editor) of riding from 2.30 to 4.30. It seems five hours, but it is really only two. That's the last scene and finishes our day's work.

Haven't any folks and sure would appreciate a line once in a while if you are not too busy.

Yours truly,
Bugler————.

On Active Service With the American Expeditionary Forces. France.

Miss Minnie Dupree

Kind friend:

I wish to take this opportunity to thank you personally for the Comfort Kit of toilet articles I received from you when back in the States on Governors Island. No doubt you have heard from my mother by this time also thanking you for your kindness.

I had a very pleasant voyage across and really hated to leave ship, as the sailor boys were such good "buddies," but over here everybody becomes "buddies" very shortly. I would write you much, but it is best to endure and you have read the newspapers and being of French nationality yourself you will readily understand. However, though not like I have been used to in the best Country on Earth, America, I am glad of the opportunity to acquire the knowledge gained by this trip thru personal experience. It is so novel and amusing that I do not see the gloomy side of life but take everything light and gay. If I were given my choice to either stay or come over here I would readily chose the latter and come over.

The bunch of men I had charge of on the Island, and I also took care of them on the boat, has now been split up and scattered all over France, myself coming among strangers, which however, are proving a jolly bunch of fine men, officers and privates included, so I am not dissatisfied not disappointed, under such conditions my future looks very bright.

We Americans never appreciate how nice we have things until we are away from them for a while.

I spent a very memorable Christmas, even though there was no Santa present, but I had the pleasure of knowing that friends back in America were enjoying themselves. As you know many things we like at home are not obtainable over here, so whenever you people have a surplus of anything at any time, just send it to the address below and it will find a very appreciative crowd of fellows. There are about fifty men and officers in our crowd, and anything from home is always "50-50." Ten officers here would no doubt appreciate one of your handy comfort kits, if you can spare them. This request and note of thanks is from one of "our profession," my sister is with Vitagraph, myself having been with the Essanay in the past.

I will remember your kind favors from over here just as soon as the Ghost walks for us boys. In the meantime I am wishing you a successful and happy New Year.

One of the boys over there

Sergeant————.

THE ORGANIZATION IS WIDESPREAD

Miss Amelia Bingham is Chairman of the part of the organization which supplies volunteer entertainments to the camps near New York. People of the profession are responding wonderfully with their services; they realize how lonely the men are and how much a little thoughtfulness helps make up for the things they have given up for us.

A club where sailors and soldiers can dance, play cards, and have good food in wholesome surroundings is soon to be started in New York by the Stage Woman's War Relief, and an evening workroom has been opened under the direction of Bijou Fernandez. The Twelfth Night Club has given its rooms, and every Tuesday evening girls and women who are busy in the daytime can do the same sort of work which is done in the rooms at headquarters. In England a hospital for American officers is now in construction, and when the time comes when our own wounded must be cared for, surely a ward for actor-soldiers will be necessary. A bed will cost $600 a year; this includes nursing and medical attendance.

THE ELIMINATION OF RED TAPE

When the Red Cross was taking over war relief organizations, they asked the Stage Woman's War Relief to remain as an independent unit, because of the splendid condition of the organization. They merely offered their friendship and their help in any way the organization needed it. While the care of the actor comes first in the Stage Woman's War Relief, many supplies have been given to the Red Cross and other organizations, and many emergency calls have been filled immediately. The following incident is an illustration of how quickly cases are attended to. Two weeks ago, a woman of the stage applied to the organization and said, "There are three American girls taking care of one hundred and fifty children in France. The children are all under six and must be kept in bed, because they have no clothes. Can you give us some?" Mary Rehan, director of the workroom, and Elsie Randolph, head of the Northern France Department, collected many warm things, and a crate containing six hundred garments was shipped through an English organization within twenty-four hours. The absence of red tape seems to be a surprise to every one. To get the greatest number of things to the right place in the quickest way is the only law that governs the work of the organization.

AN EXCELLENT FINANCIAL RECORD

From April to January, the organization made $6,000 by bazaars, parties, benefits, the Barrie plays, and individual gifts. Twelve per cent. of the income has been used for running expenses, and by next April, the end of the fiscal year,—at the same average of income and output—the running expenses will only be five per cent., an almost unheard of record. The excellent management of the finances and bookkeeping is due to Mrs. James Faller, who is the wife of a Russian playwright. She has had eighteen years of wide experience in business and was well qualified to undertake the work.

OTHER BRANCHES

Mrs. Otis Skinner is the travelling representative of the Stage Woman's War Relief and is organizing branches in all the larger cities. Gladys Hanson, who is on tour in vaudeville, is interesting the vaudeville women in the same project. She so inspired the women ushers of the Hippodrome Theatre in Cleveland, Ohio, that they organized a unit at once. There is a flourishing branch in Detroit, of which Mrs. Frederick Wadsworth, who was Mary Mannering, is chairman. Mrs. Edward Fifield is chairman of the Chicago branch.

FIRST CALL FOR HELP

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MAKERS of MUSIC

(*Continued from page 65*)

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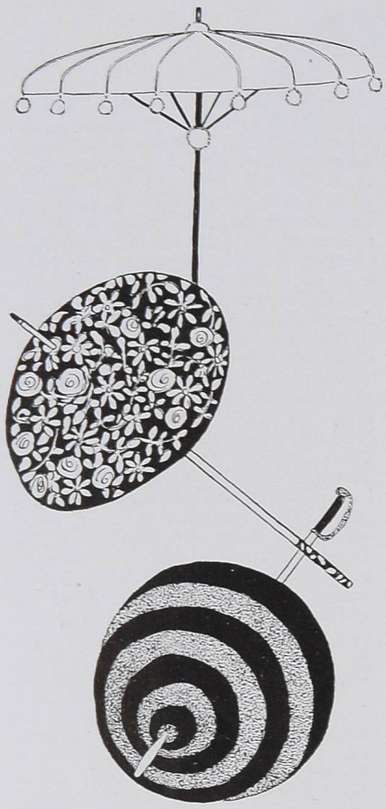

PARASOLS, *too,* OPEN *to the* SUN

IN Pekin, some two thousand years ago, an ingenious woman invented the parasol—to the astonishment of her husband, who, being a mere carpenter, could only construct immovable shelters which were quite out of the question for carrying about. Since then, big or little, dull or sparkling with jewels, light, transparent, and of the most delicate materials, the parasol has always appeared in the history of happy people, and its story would be gay and amusing to relate. But that is for another day.

The parasol of to-day has undergone a new transformation, and it should be amusing, too, in spite of events,—and so it is. It may be made of velvet and wooden beads, of heavy silk embroidered with needlework, or of jersey trimmed with pompons. It may be round, pointed, square, or even suggestive of the cubists. In fact, one may have it as one will, only it must resemble no other parasol and, above all, no parasol of last year. If one wishes to revive the tiny parasol of the Empress Eugénie, that, too, is permissible, but then one should carry one that is really old, a little faded, and with a pale fringe. With an all-white frock the effect will be exquisite. Indeed, one may even carry a parasol of fur—goodness, yes, perfectly well. It is quite charming when made of broadtail with an ermine border. Or a dainty parasol with a little fur here and there is another possibility.

If one has a parasol, one is certain of having something else — success. After all, that is what one wants, is it not?

Sunshades of white or yellow silk with little wooden beads of whatever colour one desires, are as whimsical and charming as a sunshade ought to be

(Left) The top parasol is gay green silk with fluffy woollen pompons and a red lacquer handle, the next is black velvet embroidered in white wool, and the last is an ingenious affair of bands of black satin and silver-beaded bands of tulle

PALM BEACH BALANCES ITS WORK

(*Continued from page 40*)

new bands and bindings for the edges. These hats are feather-light and have the added merit of being cool.

It is agreed that the smartest hats which are being worn at Palm Beach are the wide-brimmed sailors in black, navy blue, purple, or even white, with plain or polka-dotted scarfs or simple ribbon bands. The harem veils are draped from the back where they are caught at the top of the crown or the edge of the brim. One often sees a French shadow veil worn with these harem veils to keep the little curls and tendrils of hair in place on the windy beach. A stunning manikin appeared in one of the new wool skirts in pronounced black and white checks, wearing with it, over her sheer filet-trimmed blouse, a sweater of apricot coloured Shetland wool and an apricot chiffon veil draped over the sailor hat of black straw. Hats of Japanese or coarse braids in straw are most liked, although some in finer smoother straw are also seen.

SHADE HATS OF GEORGETTE CRÊPE

There are also many hats of Georgette crêpe with transparent brims, some of them faced with contrasting colours and others with the same tone. Wreaths of flowers trim some of these, and bands and ornaments made from the same material are used on others, but the effect of all of them is light and universally becoming. Peanut straw in the finer weaves is also popular and has been dyed all sorts of lovely shades. Some hats of turquoise blue peanut straw are faced with beige, and others in navy blue are faced with white. Various shades of grey are also seen and are most attractive.

The majority of sweaters are sleeveless this season, and the silken ones appear in all sorts of wonderful weaves with sashes to match. The Shetland sweaters in chiffon weave, fine and sheer enough to draw through a wedding-ring, are the most popular of all as they are better suited to a tropical climate. Some of these Shetland sweaters are sleeveless, but the most attractive ones have sleeves. Flesh colour, pale blue, lavender, and white are seen in large numbers, but black and navy blue are particularly smart. Worn with the sailor hats and severely plain skirts, these Shetland wool sweaters have a chic which silk ones never seemed to acquire. Many among the older women are wearing the new sweaters in Eton style, rather tightly fitted and with long wide sashes which start at the surplice fold and tie either back or front.

Probably the most unusual thing shown in Palm Beach this season is the straw sweater. It is made of openwork straw braid with a scarf to match, and it is far softer than one would imagine and very attractive. Some of the young women are wearing sports coats and Norfolk jackets in crêpe meteor as a change from the eternal sweater. The latest thing in beach capes is in English waterproof silk, fitting snugly over the shoulders and cut on generous circular lines. These come in colours to match the trimming of the new jersey silk bathing-suits which consist of trousers and a long closely fitting jersey, which is usually of navy blue or black with a band of brilliant colour on the edge of what should be the skirt.

Every Palm Beach season introduces its own colour, and this season has introduced that peculiar blue which is turquoise in some lights, robin's egg blue in others, and almost jade green under artificial light. Hats to match or white hats trimmed with turquoise are usually worn with sweaters of this colour. Scarfs, too, are very popular, and from the blue and white striped ones of jersey silk, of which the shops cannot seem to get enough to supply the demand, to the new Shetland scarfs of white with rainbow coloured ends, there is a wide variety. Mrs. Charles B. Dillingham wears one of these Shetland scarfs; with a black hat, a black and white checked skirt, and a Shetland sweater of white with a black collar, this scarf gives a striking note of colour.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, who came to Palm Beach earlier than usual this season, appeared on the beach one morning in a skirt of white crêpe de Chine with broad tucks running around it and a tailored blouse, also of white crêpe de Chine, with many tiny tucks as its sole trimming. With this Mrs. Oelrichs wore a hat of American Beauty red Georgette crêpe with transparent brim and a row of tiny curled ostrich tips in the same colour around the crown. This hat was a Georgette sailor shape and was worn tilted saucily over one ear. So youthful did it make Mrs. Oelrichs appear that one could hardly believe that she is the mother of a stalwart officer.

Separate skirts of sports silk, princess or baronet satin, or sports satin, whichever one elects to call it, are in favour this year, and their simplicity is pleasing after the many rather exaggerated models of last year. Some of the white sports satin skirts have embroidered medallions in white woven upon them; others have checks or stripes. One worn by Mrs. Oelrichs has a belt and pockets with rows upon rows of machine stitching, while another model has a belt and pockets of folds of the satin in basket weave. Some of the sports satin skirts in two tones which give a changeable effect, are quite charming; one of grey and green acquires a contrasting note simply by turning the reverse side over on the right side in a narrow hem; the pockets are outlined in the same manner. Another skirt is of turquoise blue and silver, and still another of grey and rose. The blue one has unusual pockets directly in front, pockets large enough to hold a pair of socks and a ball of yarn. The inspiration for this skirt is said to have been one of the gingham aprons which laundresses wear and in which they carry clothes-pins.

Jersey sports frocks are always with us, and a very new Chanel model was purchased by Mrs. Cyril Hatch, whom it especially suited. It was in beige, with the new severely straight line. Beige wool formed the narrow herring-bone knitted belt which was trimmed with any number of small, amusing, round buttons or balls, made from the wool as one used to make tassels, by tying a number of strips of wool in the middle securely, then clipping the ends to form symmetrical round balls. These were sewed on the belt at intervals and also formed the three buttons fastening the side front.

TWO NEW WRAPS

Chanel also sent over two smart wraps, one a cape with the yoke formed of tan coloured Angora, for all the world like a Jaeger sports scarf, and the bottom of navy blue wool velours lined with tan chiffon. This cape was warm and was one of the smartest things seen this year. The other was a velours coat with a yoke of knitted wool that ended in a long wide scarf to be wound about the neck and draped over the shoulders in the fashion of the old-time "fascinators." This was in seal brown velours, and the scarf was of brown and tan, machine-knitted.

One of the smartest sports frocks this season is worn by the lovely Mrs. Charles Band of Toronto. Mrs. Band, who spent last summer at Hill Top Inn, at Newport, has been wearing some charming French clothes, but it is this white silk serge, embroidered in Joffre blue with the lower part of the skirt of white knitted wool, which has won the heart of every woman in Palm Beach. The sweater to match is of the Joffre blue, hand knitted, with cuffs, collar, and scarf of white Angora.

THE STAGE WOMAN'S WAR RELIEF

(*Continued from page 51*)

all alone. May the good work that you have started go on forever.

Sergeant————.

My Dear Madames:

I am dropping you these few lines to let you know that I am a theatrical worker and have done most everything back of the scenes. I never got a card altho I worked at the Court Theatre in Wheeling for about three years and all I have at home is a Mother and Sister and all she makes is very little working in a factory and the way times are now I know they are having a hard time of it. I can't send them much but I send them fifteen dollars a month and I got a Liberty Bomb (the original spelling—Editor) and have taken out $10,000 insurance it cost me $6.75 a month and that leaves me without a thing but I am proud to say my Mother needs it. We have it pretty tough here the weather is so bad but we are going to give the good old U. S. A. the right to go wherever she wants to and nobody like the Kaiser is going to hold us back. There's over a foot of snow on the ground but the boys all go on drilling and singing and that is the kind of an army that will bring peace forever. I am writing you this letter in my spare moments and I hope you will consider it over for we expect to leave here soon for service abroad. I think how my people are getting along back home. For myself, I have almost everything I need but I know they don't have what they need.

Well dear friends I will have to close for this time hoping to hear from you soon I remain your friend

Private————.

We are here for Freedom.

Dear Folks:

When I went into the Mess hall for dinner today I saw your most conspicuous poster and so here I am going to impose on you to keep me out of the lonesomeness. Fortunately, I don't need any help but I sure get lonesome at times, and would sure appreciate a line once in a while.

Am not inclined dramatically but "souped" once in a while, when they couldn't get anyone else. My "profession" was usher. The director used to tell me if I worked at it long enough and my hair wasn't too gray, he might put me on. Some encouragement. The army isn't half as bad as some people might imagine. The hardest thing I had to get used to was the early rising and sometimes I ain't used to it yet.

I'm the "official noisepiper." But it doesn't take any brains as you probably imagine by my letter. It too has its trials and tribularys. In the morning at "5.45" I wake "em up" with first call, and get a good cussin from the half-awake boys. The cook arouses me, so he gets said cussin. I have to take my spite out on someone and he is much small than I so I take advantage of the fact. Then ten minutes later "5.45" I let another outburst go, which catches the stragglers. Well anyway after that we have roll call to see that none are lost or strayed. We then take on some morning nourishment. After the feed we have physical torture. Then comes the painful riding. It doesn't seem possible, but it isn't near as painful as it was when we first started. They don't give us saddles and some of the beasts aren't overly fat and there is an awful treacherous bone projecting from their backs.

Well after the riding those that didn't weaken go on a signal expedition. We signal with flags and lights at night, telegraphy and telephone. Very interesting if you can learn it.

After that we all feel the want for more nourishment, and at twelve I perform my duty by another outburts entitled "Soupy Soupy" or mess call. After mess we have a lecture on modern warfare. Some of the boys are helped by them, but the majority are sympathizing amongst themselves about how hard the seats are, and the way riding affects them. Then comes the last spazm (the original spelling—Editor) of riding from 2.30 to 4.30. It seems five hours, but it is really only two. That's the last scene and finishes our day's work.

Haven't any folks and sure would appreciate a line once in a while if you are not too busy.

Yours truly,
Bugler————.

On Active Service With the American Expeditionary Forces. France.

Miss Minnie Dupree

Kind friend:

I wish to take this opportunity to thank you personally for the Comfort Kit of toilet articles I received from you when back in the States on Governors Island. No doubt you have heard from my mother by this time also thanking you for your kindness.

I had a very pleasant voyage across and really hated to leave ship, as the sailor boys were such good "buddies," but over here everybody becomes "buddies" very shortly. I would write you much, but it is best to endure and you have read the newspapers and being of French nationality yourself you will readily understand. However, though not like I have been used to in the best Country on Earth, America, I am glad of the opportunity to acquire the knowledge gained by this trip thru personal experience. It is so novel and amusing that I do not see the gloomy side of life but take everything light and gay. If I were given my choice to either stay or come over here I would readily chose the latter and come over.

The bunch of men I had charge of on the Island, and I also took care of them on the boat, has now been split up and scattered all over France, myself coming among strangers, which however, are proving a jolly bunch of fine men, officers and privates included, so I am not dissatisfied not disappointed, under such conditions my future looks very bright.

We Americans never appreciate how nice we have things until we are away from them for a while.

I spent a very memorable Christmas, even though there was no Santa present, but I had the pleasure of knowing that friends back in America were enjoying themselves. As you know many things we like at home are not obtainable over here, so whenever you people have a surplus of anything at any time, just send it to the address below and it will find a very appreciative crowd of fellows. There are about fifty men and officers in our crowd, and anything from home is always "50-50." Ten officers here would no doubt appreciate one of your handy comfort kits, if you can spare them. This request and note of thanks is from one of "our profession," my sister is with Vitagraph, myself having been with the Essanay in the past.

I will remember your kind favors from over here just as soon as the Ghost walks for us boys. In the meantime I am wishing you a successful and happy New Year.

One of the boys over there

Sergeant————.

THE ORGANIZATION IS WIDESPREAD

Miss Amelia Bingham is Chairman of the part of the organization which supplies volunteer entertainments to the camps near New York. People of the profession are responding wonderfully with their services; they realize how lonely the men are and how much a little thoughtfulness helps make up for the things they have given up for us.

A club where sailors and soldiers can dance, play cards, and have good food in wholesome surroundings is soon to be started in New York by the Stage Woman's War Relief, and an evening workroom has been opened under the direction of Bijou Fernandez. The Twelfth Night Club has given its rooms, and every Tuesday evening girls and women who are busy in the daytime can do the same sort of work which is done in the rooms at headquarters. In England a hospital for American officers is now in construction, and when the time comes when our own wounded must be cared for, surely a ward for actor-soldiers will be necessary. A bed will cost $600 a year; this includes nursing and medical attendance.

THE ELIMINATION OF RED TAPE

When the Red Cross was taking over war relief organizations, they asked the Stage Woman's War Relief to remain as an independent unit, because of the splendid condition of the organization. They merely offered their friendship and their help in any way the organization needed it. While the care of the actor comes first in the Stage Woman's War Relief, many supplies have been given to the Red Cross and other organizations, and many emergency calls have been filled immediately. The following incident is an illustration of how quickly cases are attended to. Two weeks ago, a woman of the stage applied to the organization and said, "There are three American girls taking care of one hundred and fifty children in France. The children are all under six and must be kept in bed, because they have no clothes. Can you give us some?" Mary Rehan, director of the workroom, and Elsie Randolph, head of the Northern France Department, collected many warm things, and a crate containing six hundred garments was shipped through an English organization within twenty-four hours. The absence of red tape seems to be a surprise to every one. To get the greatest number of things to the right place in the quickest way is the only law that governs the work of the organization.

AN EXCELLENT FINANCIAL RECORD

From April to January, the organization made $6,000 by bazaars, parties, benefits, the Barrie plays, and individual gifts. Twelve per cent. of the income has been used for running expenses, and by next April, the end of the fiscal year,—at the same average of income and output—the running expenses will only be five per cent., an almost unheard of record. The excellent management of the finances and bookkeeping is due to Mrs. James Faller, who is the wife of a Russian playwright. She has had eighteen years of wide experience in business and was well qualified to undertake the work.

OTHER BRANCHES

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NEW YORK FINDS COMPENSATION

(Continued from page 35)

Mrs. E. H. Harriman, in taupe satin and moleskin, was among Mrs. Alexander's distinguished guests

however, and a very effective one, was the graduated strand of garnets hung about the neck, repeating the tone of the skirt.

While the New York woman continues to go at night to the few dignified forms of entertainment which the war has not affected, it is with war work which occupies her daytime hours that she is seriously and earnestly concerned. The lecture which was given by Mr. Joseph Pennell, the artist, at the home of Mrs. Charles B. Alexander for the benefit of the National Special Aid Society was a notable one. Mr. Pennell has just returned from Europe, and while he professed, to quote him, "A Philadelphia Quaker's characteristic distaste for all things war-like," he had some most interesting things to say in regard to the things which are being done by the Allies, principally about munition making. It is a revelation to learn that munition making is picturesque; one has heretofore not thought of it exactly in that way. To many people, however, the most interesting part of the afternoon was the short report of the work of this organization, read by Mr. Mayou. Almost every one present was familiar with the spirit approaching derision which greeted the first efforts of the National Special Aid Society to classify patriotic American women according to their fitness for certain occupations. No one at that time (only two years ago) seriously considered the possibility of woman taking the place of the familiar masculine postman, or the probability that the time would soon come when there would be feminine conductors on our street-cars and subways. The society gives assistance in almost every field, —to the Army, the Navy, the Aviation Corps, and to the families of those requisitioned by the war. It numbers among its members many of the most distinguished women of New York, of whom the gathering at Mrs. Alexander's home was representative. Among the guests were Mrs. E. H. Harriman, shown in the sketch at the left of this page, who was gowned in taupe satin and moleskin and wore a small taupe feather turban. Mrs. Charles Senff, another of Mr. Pennell's interested listeners, was a most attractive figure in a coat of sealskin and silver fox. Her hat had a high pleating of coral coloured tulle, supplemented by coral toned uncurled ostrich feathers, and it was rimmed with black velvet. A diamond and platinum dog-collar and a double strand of pearls gave added distinction to this costume, which is sketched at the right of this page.

AT THE COLONY CLUB

The sketch on page 35, at the lower right, was made at the Colony Club during the tea which followed the series of motion-pictures showing the devastated regions of northern France; these pictures were exhibited there for the benefit of La Protection du Réformé No. 2. The organization was formed in Paris and has cared for many soldiers invalided at home; among its patrons are numbered Mrs. Robert Bacon, Mr. Newbold Le Roy Edgar, and Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies. The costume shown in the sketch was a suit of dull blue cloth, supplemented by undersleeves of grey satin and a waistcoat that buttoned up close to the throat and ended in a little turn-over collar with a circular brooch of diamonds set in platinum at the front. The turban of black satin was brocaded here and there with bouquet motifs in silver.

At a lunch recently one guest wore a grey cloth coat sponsoring a sleeve that was slashed at the back and had undercuffs of grey net with five slender bands of skunk upon them. The little hat of midnight blue satin, with two scraggly black feathers for trimming, was sketched the same day; it is shown at the very top of page 35. Its wearer had supplemented it with a crystal pin at the front and with a sheer net veil which had one large embroidered dot in it, so arranged to come below the curve of the cheek.

Mrs. Charles Senff, at Mr. Pennell's lecture, wore a high hat with coral tulle and coral ostrich feathers

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt—than whom New York knows no more serious war worker—wears the hat shown in the upper right-hand sketch on page 35; It is made entirely of tiny owl feathers in burnished gold and has a narrow band of black ribbon with a little bow at the front. A ribbon band and bow is also the only trimming on Mrs. Morgan Belmont's small dark toque, sketched on page 35, at the upper left, unless one would classify as ornamentation the unusual diamond pin—for it certainly ornaments—worn near the top of the crown.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

IN the burglar-proof room devoted to the Aviation Committee of the National Special Aid Society there is an amazing collection of huge packing-boxes and barrels and crates of every size and kind; they are piled in the corners and stand in every bit of available space that the room affords. And every one of the packing-boxes and crates and barrels contains old silver. That is why the walls of the room are so carefully crisscrossed with the wires of the Holmes Patrol. There are silver candlesticks, trays, platters, fruit-dishes, cake-plates, beloved of the "black walnut period," loving-cups, watches, tea-balls, belt buckles, thimbles, sugar-tongs, and whole coffee services. This cosmopolitan gathering of metal objects constitutes what is known as the Treasure and Trinket Fund, and they have been collected from practically every state in the Union, from the West Indies, from Hawaii, and even from China. One has a strong impression that a great many wedding presents that have retired from active life during the last twenty years have finally found an honourable end. For all these things are awaiting to be appraised by experts and sent to the United States Assay Office, after which they will be melted, and the money minted from them will be used "to help the wings of the United States."

Brown Brothers

This is a corner of the room where the Aviation Committee stores the "treasures and trinkets" that are to be melted for the aviators' fund

ALL OF THESE THINGS COUNT

Not only large pieces of silverware, but small broken scraps of both gold and silver are welcomed by the Committee; their slogan is "Nothing is too small, nothing too big." Some of the objects sent in are of brass and lead and other base metals, but they are disposed of, too, after they have accumulated sufficiently to make their sale worth while. That the Treasure and Trinket Fund has been a success from the very beginning, is proved by the fact that the first allotment of treasures and trinkets brought $2,400; the second, $384.43; and the third, $776.31. And the beauty of it is that the fame of the Fund is spreading, and every post brings in innumerable packages of treasures and trinkets, some of them very valuable, and some almost worthless in themselves, but adding to the fund at any rate. Some of the objects received are too lovely to melt, so the Committee is keeping those to dispose of later at a sale.

Of course, there have been many generous contributions of cheques to this Committee, and there is a satisfaction about giving to this Fund, because every dollar goes directly to the aid of the aviator. The affairs of the Committee are so conducted that at any time the giver may know just what particular need his or her cheque met. The name of every donor, whether of the smallest scraps of silver or of the largest cheque, is recorded in a large book, and every gift that is sent with the name and address of the giver is acknowledged by a card or a note. On the desk of Mrs. William Allen Bartlett, who is the Chairman of the Aviation Committee, is a record book in which is a record of the work accomplished for the aviators each day. On the front page of the book is inscribed: "By Their Deeds Ye Shall Know Them." The Committee receives knitted articles, too, and thousands of sweaters, helmets, wristlets, and scarfs have passed through their hands.

The aviator has an undeniable appeal, and there is, of course, a strong element of romance in his perilous calling, but he is as dependent upon the practical life-giving comforts as any man who is spending his days and nights in trenches. The aviator's work is done under all manner of severe climate conditions, and it is imperative that his garments be of the warmest.

THINGS ALL OF US CAN GIVE

All of us have, tucked away somewhere, useless bits of silver and gold, such as pins that are of passé design, odd cuff links, unmatched earrings; and none of these are too mean to send to the Fund. And then, too, there is that hideous celery dish, or that perfectly good silver slide-trombone with which some distant cousin with a penchant for strange sounds once terrified the family. And the obsolete napkin rings that seem to have accumulated for generations, or that humpy silver-mounted toilet set that has for so long been banished from your dressing-table,—these, too, will be welcomed. Remember all of these will be welcomed by the Treasure and Trinket Fund. "Nothing is too small; nothing is too large," and any treasure or trinket addressed to Mrs. William Allen Bartlett, Chairman, Aviation Committee, National Special Aid Society, 259 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will be a grateful addition to the melting-pot that is "to help the wings of the United States."

THE SCHOOLGIRL *in* WAR RELIEF

(*Continued from page 32*)

ing hands of assistance among these schoolgirls. Special organizations for the relief of non-combatants have been generously aided, while yet another field of activity has been the enthusiastic converting of allowances into Liberty Bonds. The schools also have been an abundant source of comfort kits, the making and filling of which proves an engaging task for small fingers. Nor should one count as least the willing cooperation which these young Americans (though surely not exempt from the "growing appetite" of youth) have given to the maintaining of the wheatless, meatless, and—worst of all—the sweetless days ordained by the wisdom of the Food Commission.

STUDENT ORGANIZATION

In all this war relief work, it should be understood, it is no case of greatness thrust upon the schoolgirl. The schools wisely stimulate patriotism by lectures on war topics and by studies in current events, but the impulse to work comes from the girls themselves. So true is this that in one of the most important among exclusive New York schools, the faculty has avoided any definite part in the organization of the war work and has confined its efforts to seconding the plans of its students, arranging for the disposal of the products of their work and for similar business details, and giving all possible encouragement in the work, but leaving the initiative to the girls and making no attempt to bind the workers to the task. Yet this school has been one of the most prominent in war relief work. It took active and pertinent part in the equipping of the "Rainbow Division," and it has supplied in this school year thousands of garments for soldiers in the hospitals, aside from all its knitting and making of surgical dressings.

One of the well-known schools in the East Seventies maintains an admirably organized and entirely self-supporting auxiliary of the Red Cross under the charge of a resident Red Cross nurse. Here each girl pledges a certain sum weekly or monthly to the support of the auxiliary, and the fund thus collected is expended on wool and on the raw materials that are made into surgical dressings and hospital garments.

WORK FOR THE RED CROSS

One large room has been turned into a well-equipped Red Cross workroom, and this stands open at all hours to invite all idle hands to flee from the traditional temptation and busy themselves in good work. So cordially is this call to service welcomed that even the sleepy hours of Saturday morning (the one day in the week when punctual attendance at breakfast is not obligatory) are curtailed, and picturesque figures, each in Red Cross cap and apron, fill the big room, bending eagerly over bandage rollers, gauze sponges, or ungainly sleeping garments such as those deft and dainty fingers never before fashioned. On Tuesday evenings, all the resident pupils gather by classes to serve their country with diligent fingers, while instructors read to them the lessons of the following day. One enthusiastic class in this school has even taken a contract to furnish a definite and considerable number of comfort kits every month during the school year.

Only a few blocks away, this same activity is repeated in another well-known school, where the Red Cross auxiliary finds ready support from both purse and hand. One benefit, at least, the war seems destined to work. President Eliot's complaint that young America is not taught to use its hands fades before these busy fingers fastening compresses folded to a hair-line and bandages of impeccable smoothness. On Friday afternoons these same busy fingers ply the knitting-needles, fashioning defences against the bitter cold, the bite of which New York can now so well appreciate. This school is also justly proud of the war relief work done by its large and well-organized association of alumnæ.

Just outside of New York and overlooking Long Island Sound is a big boarding-school which fairly hums with its war activities. Ambulances for France are the vital questions of the moment, and energy without stint is put to the earning of funds for their purchase. Every activity, from the gentle craft of shoe-shining to the strenuous industry of sawing hickory logs to fireplace length is practiced here,—not for love of the art, but for the greater love of America and her Allies. Earnings from these varied activities are turned over to a treasurer who has general charge of all work done for this purpose, and already the fund is well on its way to the purchase of the first ambulance. It is hoped to send three before summer.

Though the newest, the ambulances are far from the only war interests here. From the youngest pupil to the head of the school, everyone knits, knits, knits, and the number of knitted garments forwarded to the soldiers is mounting near to a thousand. Comfort kits and Christmas packages have been prepared and sent with the same enthusiasm, and in a room set aside for the purpose, a trained Red Cross worker presides over the making of every sort of surgical dressing or hospital garment. Many Liberty Bonds, purchased through a local bank and paid for by instalments from monthly allowances, give further proof of the readiness of young America to curtail its pleasures and aid its country.

A PRACTICAL DEPARTMENT

During the autumn months, the great avocation of these young seekers after knowledge was the making of jams and preserves and every sort of canned thing to be sent to the soldiers. For this work, the school furnished the materials, while the girls contributed the work. The department of household arts is especially active in this school, which seeks to equip its pupils for all of the manifold duties of womanhood, and the laboratories of the department have proved admirable "canning factories."

Most unusual is the work (indirectly of great importance as a war work) being done by this school along lines not always included in the curricula of schools for girls. The aim of the school, as has been said, is to train its girls for life—for the many-sided life of the modern woman. Its strictly academic work is therefore supplemented by many courses designed to afford knowledge of those matters which fall naturally within "woman's sphere." Important among these courses is that in mothercraft, which teaches the care of both mothers and babies, the principles of dietetics and infant hygiene, and much of the mental and physical care of young children. Obviously such a course as this gives excellent preparation for the vitally important work of caring for the babies and children of war-stricken countries, the future of which will depend so largely on the care given to these children of the years of war. A number of the coming graduates are looking forward to taking up this work in Europe as soon as their school year is completed. Both the Red Cross course in nursing and the eleven weeks' course outlined by the Presbyterian hospital in New York are also given here.

SERVICE IN OTHER SCHOOLS

No less patriotic workers are the pupils of a well-known smaller school in Connecticut. This school formed its Red Cross auxiliary the day after war was declared, and before the school closed in June, a box of generous size was filled with supplies and shipped to the local branch of the Red Cross. The Prisoners' War Relief fund of the Y. M. C. A. has also benefited by a considerable sum raised by these girls, and to this fund was contributed all the money usually spent on gifts at the Christmas season. In addition to the Red Cross work to which it gives much time, the school has pledged itself to furnish two hundred sweaters, or the equivalent in other knitted garments. All this work is done eagerly and enthusiastically, with a genuine desire to do even more than the limited time permits.

Even the small fingers of the very youngest set are busied with war work in one school in the fashionable Park Avenue section. The very smallest tots knit squares to be made into blankets for the soldiers, while every member of the school is enrolled in its self-supporting Red Cross auxiliary. So far, the work has been confined to knitting and sewing, making comfort bags, bed-socks, the all-necessary covers for the indispensable hot water bottles, and many sweaters, wristlets, and helmets. The older classes are now adding to this list the making of surgical dressings.

A New York school, the windows of which command a beautiful view up the Hudson, is shoulder deep in war activities. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, all classes here devote certain hours to the making of dressings for the Red Cross, under the direction of a Red Cross nurse, and, as in all the schools, knitting forms a sort of continuous accompaniment to every occupation. Pupils of this school took active part in Hero Land and the Army and Navy Bazaar, decorating and "manning" booths and furnishing delectable cakes and jams for sale. This school has a large contingent of day-pupils, and its enterprising Home Economics class has found in this fact an opportunity to be turned to the benefit of the Allies. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the girls of this class prepare cakes, dainty sandwiches, hot cocoa, and other pleasant dishes to set before the hungering day-pupils, and the proceeds from the sale of these things are devoted to war charities, especially to the Polish relief fund.

This school is also following a totally different line of war activity. In its basement is a rifle-range spaced off with military precision, and here potential defenders of the home strive earnestly to learn to make a bullet hit the improbable German marauder instead of the head of the rescuing squad. Military drill is a part of the regulation physical training, and for the future there are wonderful plans for instruction by an army officer and for a special uniform, for what thing of feminine make can do war work without a special uniform? Open to outsiders as well as to members of the school is another group organized by the instructor of this rifle squad. This is known as the Woman's Guard Relief Corps and seeks to train women in the use of rifles to replace men as home defense guards

The day-schools, of course, have but little time at their disposal for any work outside the school routine, but knitting prevails even here, and every effort is made to interest the students and show them ways to accomplish war work outside the schools. In truth, the American schoolgirl is abundantly proving her patriotism and her readiness for unselfish service. These are, of course, but a few among the New York schools, but the list could be extended indefinitely. Everywhere it is the same,—"Why, of course we have our Red Cross auxiliary, and we knit, and then,—" and there follows a list of the many other useful things which "youth and inexperience" have found it within their power to do. Doubtless there are very many schools all over the country which could give the same account of accomplishment that these New York schools have given, and perhaps there may be some who will find inspiration for similar work in this record of what other schoolgirls have accomplished. "Stand behind the country's girlhood," say the new posters of the Y. W. C. A., but the girlhood of the nation has found that it, also, may stand behind and share in maintaining civilization.

MEETING MEATLESS DAYS HALF-WAY

(*Continued from page 57*)

cows will be killed for food, and then there will be even less milk than at present for the babies. Meat conditions will not be normal, the experts tell us, for many years after the war.

The Bureau of Home Economics contributes the following particularly good dishes for meatless menus. When butter and flour are used, potato flour and vegetable butter may be substituted:

CURRY OF EGGS AND SALMON

4 hard cooked eggs
1 can of salmon
½ teaspoonful of lemon juice
¼ cup of chopped pickles
Onion juice to taste

SAUCE

¼ cup of vegetable butter
¼ cup of flour
2 cups of milk
2 teaspoonfuls of curry
½ teaspoonful of salt
½ teaspoonful of paprika

Cut eggs in quarters. Flake salmon. Marinate with lemon juice, add onion juice and pickles. Make sauce in pan. Then set over hot water. Add the marinated fish and pieces of egg. Cover and let stand ten minutes. Serve on crackers.

Soak half a cupful of dried peas in cold water over night. Cook until very thick. Boil and mash five medium sized potatoes and mix thoroughly with the peas; add half a cupful of grated cheese, half a cupful of fine bread crumbs, one beaten egg, and one tablespoonful of melted bacon fat. Season, and, when cold, shape into triangular cakes; dip in corn meal and fry. Serve alone or with hominy. The peas and cheese furnish abundant protein, and the potatoes and corn supply heat and energy for a balanced ration.

CREAMED CHEESE AND EGGS

3 hard cooked eggs
1 tablespoonful of flour
1 cup of milk
½ teaspoon salt
Speck of cayenne
¼ cup of grated cheese
4 slices of toast
4 crackers

Make thin white sauce with flour, milk, and seasonings. Add cheese and stir until melted. Chop whites of eggs and add them to sauce. Pour sauce over toast or crackers. Cut yolks of eggs fine and sprinkle over toast.

Put the butter and flour in a pan and fry slightly. The flour must be well done but not brown. Add the hot milk, then pepper and salt and the grated cheese, stirring quickly to melt the cheese. When the mixture is getting cool, add first the yolks, then the stiffly beaten whites of eggs and the rest of the milk. Put this preparation in a buttered dish and cook for fifteen or twenty minutes.

This "blonde" plush toque, thrust through with a diamond arrow pin, appeared in Paris on the head of an American; pin from Cartier

The difference between the slender dog-collar as the Parisienne wears it and the real article, is the difference between Mother Goose and a Swinburne sonnet; from Deton

PARIS KEEPS *the* SAME SILHOUETTE

(*Continued from page 31*)

has not acquired the manners to go with his immense fortune. Over there is a new and by no means young duchess whose honeymoon all Paris is discussing. Here again, at this table, is the astonishingly young mother of a lovely eighteen-year-old daughter,—they look like sisters. And we chatter, we condemn, we approve, and for a little while things go on almost as they always have.

A change has come over things. One indication of this is the number of wounded men who have returned to their employment in the shops. You ask for a ribbon or a material, and instead of a quick and active salesman with two deft hands, a man comes towards you wearing a black glove on his wooden left hand. Again, it is another supporting himself on an artificial leg who waits on you, and the mere sight of him appeals to all your pity and sympathy. Here is a state of things that calls for softened manners, for if, as the old saying tells us "*La musique adoucit les moeurs,*" the realization of suffering does so still more.

After seeing these men, one begins to think that the inconveniences to which we are subjected at home are rather trifling. But trifling or not, they are a bit irritating. Take, for instance, the impossibility of getting taxi-cabs. Invariably, in spite of the politeness due to a woman dressed with elegance, shod in thin shoes and delicate stockings, in spite of the pity which should be inspired by this frail, lightly-dressed being who would die if exposed to the wind and the rain—invariably the chauffeur responds, "This is not my beat," or "I am making repairs," and he remains crouched under his shelter and keeps his flag turned down.

No matter how much we should like to be well shod and attractively dressed, we are forced by circumstances to stick to simplicity, since we are obliged to cross muddy streets, with an umbrella eternally open over our heads. But in spite of all this, one still sees charming women in Paris. They are simply dressed, by the best dressmakers, and they have reached the point where they cannot stand rubber coats and thick boots any longer, and have abandoned all the unbecoming paraphernalia of bad weather. Why they don't all die of the grippe is incomprehensible, but they don't.

A PRINCESS IN THE SUBWAY

The other evening, on my way back from the theatre, I saw in the last "métro," the Princess de Faucigny-Lucigne, looking very beautiful under an immense hat—inappropriate in the subway, perhaps you will say, but what can one do? Whether one is a princess or a simple mortal, one has to depend upon whatever means exists of getting from one point to another. And human nature is such that, in spite of all difficulties and obstacles, the theatres are packed, not to mention the moving-picture houses and the music halls. And in the theatres, just as in the streets or at tea, one notices that the dressmakers have done all they could to make women attractive, and they could do a great deal.

SOME NEWS FROM ITALY

One day when I was having tea at the Hotel Crillon with the celebrated Forain, who has just returned from Italy, there were pretty women in plenty, all a little "made-up," but very attractively. As I listened to the profound humour and sparkling wit of Forain, many charming silhouettes of the *beau monde* of Paris passed and repassed us, and officers of all the allied countries added brilliancy to the scene. Forain told me of the terrific cold this winter in Italy and of the miracles performed by the camouflage section, and as I listened to the picturesque stories of the great artist, the Italy of other days rose like a vision in the cigarette smoke — that beautiful Italy which we love and which we formerly visited every year; menaced Venice and Vincenza, Padua, "happy city," as Stendahl called it (which to-day is only a "bombarded city"), where in the church of Saint Antoine, among the chapels of all nations, are two chapels in bad taste, decorated by Germans and Austrians.

But this is no time for melancholy dreams. As I go out into the street, I pull myself together and begin my daily search for cigarettes. Tobacco seems to have disappeared from the face of the earth as far as Paris is concerned, and it is impossible to buy cigarettes even of the most ordinary quality. One fights in the tobacco shops, but without hope of being recompensed for one's trouble. Once a week, if the tobacco-seller of your quarter wishes to please you, he consents to reserve for you a packet of twenty cigarettes. All the women who smoke are in despair. In very few houses is one offered a cigarette after tea; it is only from the cantonments of the front that provisions come, and it is a good thing to know several obliging officers. The intrigue observed in drawing-rooms is amusing. A woman who likes to smoke sighs plaintively before any "*permissionaire*" present. If he is an Englishman, or above all an American, she relies on his gallantry when he is face to face with a Frenchwoman. The manœuvre often succeeds, and the latest thing is for officers to have "cigarette wards," just as all the women have godsons. The officers promise to bring or send supplies of cigarettes to their wards. The coquettes are overjoyed to think they can use again a cigarette case and match-box in enamel and diamonds. It would be too bad if these no longer could be taken out of a suède handbag, so we are counting on the kindness of *Messieurs les officiers* for letting us continue to smoke.

This is just another of those little wooden-beaded dog-collars that Deton is designing

A propos of this tobacco famine, I shall confide to you a great secret—which is that some women, very chic, very elegant, no longer able to endure this abstinence have decided to smoke — little cigars! But don't tell it.

But if we are short of tobacco, we have an embarrassment of riches at the theatres. The gowns worn on the stage are, indeed, ravishingly pretty, as the models from Dœuillet on page 29, described earlier in this article, will prove. In the audience, one sees no really décolleté dresses, but many women wear daytime gowns with open necks. All sorts of chemise gowns are worn, too,—quite elaborate ones, under a coat which may be taken off at luncheon, or at the theatre. There are some in black tulle with shoulders and the tops of the sleeves in satin, which are embroidered in motifs repeated at regular intervals. This embroidery is made of little beads of gold or of jet, and in one model fine beads are distributed in tassels all the way round, falling on the skirt of black satin, which is cut very narrow. The top of the chemise is transparent, and allows one to see the corselet of pleated grey satin which takes the place of a camisole. I have an idea that this same chemise, made of embroidered stuff or of beaded crêpe de Chine or even in gold or silver cloth, would be equally pretty.

THE POPULARITY OF THE THEATRE

At the Comédie Française they are packing the house with "L'Abbé Constantin," in which Mlle. Cécile Sorel is appearing. She is dressed with charming and simple elegance, quite in accord with the ideas of the moment. The three gowns signed Chanel which she wears in the play are charming. The one in striped silk jersey has a blouse with pockets which suggest youth and springtime. And could we ask for anything better for hot days than the white gown with the Greek tunic, of which the bottom and part of the top is embroidered with feather-stitching in ivory silk? It would be pretty in any colour and charming if worn with a hat and cape to match or with such a cape as Mlle. Sorel wears, of djersadrap in warm colours. Hers is of a golden tone which is neither "sandal-wood" nor "yolk of an egg," but a medium shade, marvellously transparent in the sunshine; it has a collar of sable or marten in the same tone of gold. The gown embroidered in pink beads was also a success, sober as it was, because it symbolized to perfection the talent of Mlle. Sorel, who, in the rôle of Madame Scott, has never been more beautiful or distinguished.

At the Théâtre des Capucines, where Armand Berthez has mounted the revue, "Comme Une Fleur" at the Casino de Paris, and, in fact, at all the theatres, there is never a seat to be had. The opera, too, is always popular, and a glimpse at its audience is amusing: men in business suits and women in theatre gowns, without jewels, and not décolleté—a severe impression and one very different from the opera Mondays we saw there before the war.

But love of music triumphs over habits of luxury, and women submit to any inconvenience to hear Renaud, the great Athanael of "Thaïs," whom America wished to hear again, but who, now that his magnificent service in the war is over, will remain, at least for a time, at his dear Opéra, where we all rush to applaud him. Madame Germaine Lubin, the new "pensionnaire" of the Opéra, is one of the favourites of the public. In "Roma" and in "Faust" she is charming, and her voice is a marvel of freshness and of flexibility. It is not the first time that we have had occasion to congratulate Monsieur Paul Géraldy, the well-known author, her husband.

In short, Paris is valiant,—in spite of these times of restrictions without number. We go out, we go to the theatre, we dress ourselves a little, and sometimes we even dare to hope—much.

WOODEN JEWELLERY AND AMULETS

We no longer resort to the precious chaplet of the Persian, who tells his beads eternally in order to consult the future, but all the same we are just as superstitious as the heroes of the Iliad. We change our amulets in accordance with the mode; and to-day our fancy runs to all sorts of charms made of wood-bracelets, monograms, rings, and many other things.

Our Parisian coquettes have a new fad; they seek protection for their uncertain futures in wooden amulets; confident of their power, they never take off their wooden necklaces, which they wear with a strip of tulle or crêpe in order to soften the contact with the skin. Some of these latter-day amulets are shown on page 27 and on this page. One of the prettiest is worn without tulle, and is fastened in the nape of the neck by two hairpins. This is shown at the very top, on this page. The other shown at the bottom of this page, is like a very narrow dog-collar.

Another novelty which has caught the popular fancy is the arrow of diamonds, which Cartier has adapted as a hatpin, and which is shown at the top of the page. It has a head of brilliants on a shaft of onyx, and recalls the days when one of our chief amusements was having our diamonds constantly reset. J. R. F.

SEEN *on the* STAGE

(*Continued from page 54*)

vanced the period to 1830, when the emperor had been dead for nearly a decade and only his weakling son remained as a relict of his majesty. But, contrary to the author's expectation, the dead Napoleon still appealed so emphatically to the public through the person of the ineffective little boy whom he had left behind him, that the part of the Duc de Reichstadt took the play away from the part of Flambeau, and "L'Aiglon," intended as a vehicle for Coquelin, became instead a vehicle for Sarah Bernhardt.

Many dramatists have dodged the difficulty of attempting a life-sized portrait of Napoleon by introducing him as a subsidiary figure and depicting only a single aspect of his multifarious personality. This formula was followed by Sardou in "Madame Sans-Gêne." Readers who remember the performance of this play by Ellen Terry and Sir Henry Irving will recall the fact that Napoleon was intended only as a minor character in the dramatic pattern; but they will also recall the more impressive fact that, when Irving entered, and exhibited his studious depiction of Napoleon, he ran away with the play—as actors call the process—and took the stage away, without intention, from Miss Terry.

The only way in which the figure of Napoleon has been successfully presented in the theatre is through the medium of the frankly antithetic mood of satire. An author, lacking eloquence to worship fittingly a monumental character, may manage, through sheer cleverness, to overturn the image and laugh at his own impudent audacity in exhibiting the statue upside-down. This procedure was followed by Bernard Shaw in his amusing skit, "The Man of Destiny." The part of Napoleon, in this celebrated sketch of Mr. Shaw's, was played originally in this country by Arnold Daly; and Mr. Daly has recently appeared before the public in another satirical depiction of Napoleon,—this time in a play by Herman Bahr entitled "Josephine."

"THE LITTLE TEACHER"

There is little logical relation between the verdict of the critic and the verdict of the theatre-going public; but, as a matter of mere news, it is necessary to record the fact that "The Little Teacher," by Harry James Smith, is one of those left-handed compositions that are nearly always destined to enjoy a long life in the theatre. The author of "A Tailor-Made Man" and "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" must know that the traditional assemblage of sentimental slush is scarcely worthy of serious consideration. George M. Cohan and Sam H. Harris are clever enough to know that "The Little Teacher" is neither an important nor a brilliant composition. Yet these associated impresarios have adequately calculated the pulse-beats of the public. "The Little Teacher" offers precisely the sort of entertainment that the public is most likely to approve at the present moment.

An angel-sweet young woman from the city of New York—played skilfully by Mary Ryan—secures employment as a school-teacher in a little hamlet of Vermont, where most of the inhabitants—to speak most easily in slang—are roughnecks, and the rest are crabs. The story of the play recounts the struggle of the heroine to reform this unregenerate community, and accentuates her efforts, against agonizing odds, to secure a fair chance for the coming generation. The author calls many handkerchiefs into play by his appeal for pity in behalf of the tiny children of neglectful parents. Another point that is emphatically popular is that the little teacher falls in love with an illiterate lumber jack (equipped with mighty biceps), and teaches him to read and write (and also to eat peas without his knife, though this minor fact is never mentioned in the text); and that her lover, in the last act, reappears (after an absence duly motivated by theatrical misunderstanding) in the uniform of a sergeant of our expeditionary army overseas. The hired violinists start the strains of "Over There," and, of course, the play is a success.

"THE MADONNA OF THE FUTURE"

The heroine of this play is a rich young woman—providentially relieved from the incubus of relatives—who ardently desires to become a mother but feels no desire whatsoever to assume the incumbrance of a husband. In pursuance of her theoretical intention, she persuades her hired secretary, a young man whose aspect is undeniably eugenical, to elope with her to France and to become, in due time, the father of her son. Later, she returns to her home in Tarrytown, New York—the unmarried mother of a nameless child—and endeavours to re-establish her former relations with the so-called "best society" of that secluded and conservative township. Despite the natural obtrusion of many obstacles, she persists in the intention of her social programme and refuses resolutely to marry the father of her child,—despite the fact that she loves him, and in defiance of the more important fact that he loves her and desires ardently to marry her. At last, however, she is easily required to admit herself an ordinary woman when her lover confronts her with a pretended impetus to marry someone else. He stimulates her sense of conservation by awakening her sense of jealousy. By this traditional attack, the heroine is finally condemned to ally herself for life with the man that she has always loved.

The only trouble with this play, from the standpoint of construction, is that the initial act is the best of the three and that the entire course of the composition can be easily predicted at the moment of the first curtain-fall. After the first act, "The Madonna of the Future" is deficient in incident. To cover up this paucity of action, the author has relied upon his cleverness of dialogue. Mr. Dale writes very brilliantly indeed. Seldom, since the days of Oscar Wilde, has dialogue been studded with such incandescency of wit. It is a luxury to listen to the lines of "The Madonna of the Future"; but true dramatic composition, in this modern period, requires an immediate appeal to the eye that shall be more potent than the secondary and more subtle appeal to the ear.

The leading part in this play is acted very ably by Emily Stevens, and the other characters are admirably rendered. A striking stage-set by Robert McQuinn is worthy also of a word of praise.

UN TEMOIGNAGE DE LA GRANDE CANTATRICE

"J'apprécie beaucoup les produits Tokalon, notamment la Crème Tokalon que je trouve excellente."

Marthe Chenal

PLUS DE RIDES

et un teint frais comme une rose

EMPLOYEZ LA

CREME TOKALON

et remarquez combien vous rajeunissez

Par sa composition même la Crème Tokalon est différente de toutes les autres. Cette crème est, en un seul produit, la savante réunion d'une délicieuse crème de toilette non grasse et invisible et une riche nourriture pour la peau.

Elle contient de la crème fraîche et de l'huile d'olives pures et prédigérées au moyen de procédés artificiels de manière que toutes substances grasses se trouvent transformées et que la crème ainsi constituée ne laisse sur la peau aucune trace de luisant. Par son action bienfaisante et régénératrice elle remplit rapidement les joues creuses et elle raffermit les muscles mous et flasques. Elle enlève et efface les rides et autres marques de l'âge en très peu de temps et fait complètement disparaître les points noirs et les pores dilatés. La Crème Tokalon donne à la peau et au teint une merveilleuse apparence de jeunesse, car elle nourrit véritablement la peau, lui infusant ainsi une nouvelle vie. Elle rend la poudre invisible et adhérente. Elle n'occasionne pas de pousse de duvet et n'irrite pas l'épiderme le plus délicat. Employez la Crème Tokalon aujourd'hui et voyez-vous rajeunir! En vente dans tous les magasins et les parfumeries au prix de: 2 frs. le modèle moyen et 3 frs. le grand modèle. Le pot de Crème Tokalon grand modèle est beaucoup plus avantageux que le pot modèle moyen et, en outre, il contient un bon échantillon de la poudre; Les Fascinations de Tokalon, avec une offre spéciale pour l'essai des six nuances de cette merveilleuse poudre rendue d'une légèreté extrême par un procédé spécial de ventilation.

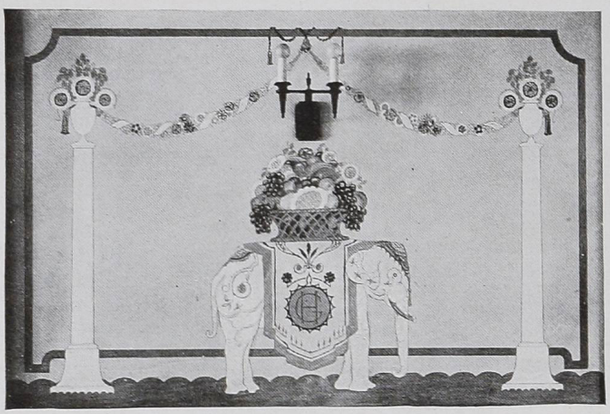
LE SECRET D'UN JOLI TEINT.—Appliquez de la Crème Tokalon, puis sechez le visage avec un linge doux, et employez la poudre: Les Fascinations de Tokalon. Ce simple traitement opèrera un changement merveilleux sur votre peau et dans votre teint, en l'espace d'une semaine.

A R T

(Continued from page 56)

large canvas by Stanley M. Arthurs for Delaware College. It represents a scene important in Delaware history, the landing of the De Vries colony at Zwaendael, Lewes, Delaware, in 1631. It shows Gillis Hosset, Governor of the settlement at Lewes, surrounded by his colony, claiming possession of the land in the name of Holland. If painted with somewhat of realism and in obvious colour, it yet has the advantage of historical truth. In much lighter and more decorative vein were designs by Crisp, of which the caparisoned elephant bearing a huge basket of fruit, a decoration for Greenwich House, New York, was not only of delicate design, but of interesting decorative merit. Though small in size, an overmantel of gold background with vermillion sails, by Mary Lowell Lloyd, made a brilliant yet soft spot of colour. That war was a subject not only for sculpture but for painting as well, was obvious in Reuterdahl's recruiting sign for the United States Navy and in Eric Gugler's study for an American War Decoration. Even in this exhibition, as well as in those of painting, Indian life was reflected, this time in a relief by Howard McCormick, entitled "Hopi World."

Lacquered panels for wall and screen, painted furniture, wall decoration, terra cotta lunettes, mosaics, and stained glass added colour and variety to this exhibition and combined with the decorator's exhibition helped to make it one of the most interesting and instructive exhibitions that the present winter has seen.



For Greenwich House, New York, Crisp painted this unusually delicate and decorative panel, which was shown at the Architectural League Exhibition

THE COMFORTS OF THE CANTEEN TO THE MAN ON LEAVE

(Continued from page 34)

This particular canteen is one of three which are owned by the National League for Woman's Service. There is another at 257 Madison Avenue, the headquarters of the service, and still another between 41st and 42nd Streets on Madison Avenue, known as the Comrade Club. Mrs. Donn Barber is the City, State, and National Chairman of Canteens for the National League for Woman's Service, and she has under her direction more than two hundred different canteens, for while the National League for Woman's Service owns exclusively only these three canteens which we have mentioned, it has taken over the management of the canteens of all the clubs in the city, opened by the National Service Commission or the War Coöperative Community Service. And it is furnishing volunteer labour to run them all. In New York City alone there are already over eleven hundred women who have been enrolled for this work.

HOW CANTEENS ARE MANAGED

National Service Club No. 2, at 39th Street and Seventh Avenue, is one of the best managed of these organizations. It was financed by Mrs. Edward Shearson and is operated directly under her supervision. Mrs. Shearson believes that the men coming back from camp should be given a change in diet, and consequently she has no hesitancy in giving them white bread. She gives them not only white bread, but the comfort and joy of feeling thoroughly at home and of walking into the club at any hour they may happen to arrive in the city—all canteens under the direction of the National League for Woman's Service are nominally open from eight o'clock in the morning until midnight every day. At Service Club No. 2 there are plenty of books and magazines to read. There are desks, well stocked with writing materials, a graphophone which is kept continually going, and two pool-tables. Some nights there are dancing classes and some nights French lessons, and on Wednesday and Saturday nights there are dances to which soldiers and sailors may bring their friends.

ORGANIZATION OF THE CANTEEN

All over the country, canteens are springing up, and it may be of interest to our readers to know just how this very well-run canteen here in New York was organized. The chief factor was the getting of subscriptions to cover the cost of rent, light, and heat. The initial outlay for kitchen utensils should not be more than $300, and in this particular case it covered a gas-stove, a large coffee-urn, a big hot water boiler, the necessary pots and pans, plenty of plain white china and glassware, and silver-plated knives and forks. The furniture is simply stained tables and benches, a showcase for the pies and cakes, and a very necessary cash register.

Efficient workers were the next requirement, and this was met by two hundred and twenty women volunteers, divided into units which work in six-hour shifts. About eighteen women are required at a time at this club—two at the stove and coffee-urn, one cutting sandwiches, two at the cake-stand, two at the cash register, and the rest serving. The matter is treated very seriously and earnestly, and every one is growing more proficient in her work each day. The waste is now one-third less than it was in the beginning, and everything has been most carefully regulated. The canteen, in fact, is now running on a paying basis, and the profit for each month is put in the general fund of the club organizations. The photograph at the top of page 34 was taken one afternoon a short time ago. Mrs. Shearson, in a dark costume, appears at the back in the middle, and ranged about her are the women who happened to be serving that afternoon.

A blue apron with long sleeves has been officially adopted as the canteen uniform, worn with a white cap having a League band around it. A blue band showing the number of the canteen in white is often worn on the left arm.

OTHER CANTEENS

Among the canteens which are operated by the National League for Woman's Service, under Mrs. Barber's personal supervision, is one at the Harvard Service Club, 159 West 33d Street, of which Miss Alice Hemmens is manager. The two photographs at the bottom of page 34 were taken at this canteen one afternoon, when the unit of which Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt is lieutenant was at work. At the top of page 33 is a sketch made at the canteen on another afternoon, when, in the absence of Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. F. R. Deering, Sergeant of Squad A in Mrs. Pratt's unit, was in charge. Other members of this unit, besides those shown in the picture, are Mrs. Stewart Duncan, Miss Lota Robinson, Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Oliver Perrin, and Mrs. Lyttleton Fox.

At City Island, the Pelham Bay National Cantonment, the National League for Woman's Service is running the canteen on Saturdays and Sundays, using the women from the nearby towns to do the work. Thirty-five women from Bronxville and others from Larchmont, Pelham, New Rochelle, and neighbouring towns come over to the Y. M. C. A. building on Saturdays and Sundays between the hours of two and five and serve ice-cream, cake, and coffee to any of the boys in the camps and to their friends who choose to come in.

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